

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

The Small House at Allington.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FIE, FIE!



WILL any reader remember the loves,—no, not the loves; that word is so decidedly ill applied as to be incapable of awakening the remembrance of any reader; but the flirtations—of Lady Dumbello and Mr. Plantagenet Palliser? Those flirtations, as they had been carried on at Courcy Castle, were laid bare in all their enormities to the eye of the public, and it must be confessed that if the eye of the public was shocked, that eye must be shocked very easily.

But the eye of the public was shocked, and people who were particular as to their morals said very strange things. Lady De Courcy herself said very strange things indeed, shaking her head, and dropping mysterious

words; whereas Lady Clandilem spoke much more openly, declaring her opinion that Lady Dumbello would be off before May. They both agreed that it would not be altogether bad for Lord Dumbello that he should lose his wife, but shook their heads very sadly when they spoke of poor Plantagenet Palliser. As to the lady's fate, that lady whom they had both almost worshipped during the days at Courcy Castle,—they did not seem to trouble themselves about that.

And it must be admitted that Mr. Palliser had been a little imprudent,—imprudent, that is, if he knew anything about the rumours afloat,—seeing that soon after his visit at Courcy Castle he had gone down to Lady Hartleup's place in Shropshire, at which the Dumbellos intended to spend the winter, and on leaving it had expressed his intention of returning in February. The Hartleup people had pressed him very much,—the pressure having come with peculiar force from Lord Dumbello. Therefore it is reasonable to suppose that the Hartleup people had at any rate not heard of the rumour.

Mr. Plantagenet Palliser spent his Christmas with his uncle, the Duke of Omnium, at Gatherum Castle. That is to say, he reached the castle in time for dinner on Christmas eve, and left it on the morning after Christmas day. This was in accordance with the usual practice of his life, and the tenants, dependants, and followers of the Omnium interest were always delighted to see this manifestation of a healthy English domestic family feeling between the duke and his nephew. But the amount of intercourse on such occasions between them was generally trifling. The duke would smile as he put out his right hand to his nephew, and say,—

“Well, Plantagenet,—very busy, I suppose?”

The duke was the only living being who called him Plantagenet to his face, though there were some scores of men who talked of Planty Pal behind his back. The duke had been the only living being so to call him. Let us hope that it still was so, and that there had arisen no feminine exception, dangerous in its nature and improper in its circumstances.

“Well, Plantagenet,” said the duke, on the present occasion, “very busy, I suppose?”

“Yes, indeed, duke,” said Mr. Palliser. “When a man gets the harness on him he does not easily get quit of it.”

The duke remembered that his nephew had made almost the same remark at his last Christmas visit.

“By-the-by,” said the duke, “I want to say a word or two to you before you go.”

Such a proposition on the duke's part was a great departure from his usual practice, but the nephew of course undertook to obey his uncle's behests.

“I'll see you before dinner to-morrow,” said Plantagenet.

“Ah, do,” said the duke. “I'll not keep you five minutes.” And

at six o'clock on the following afternoon the two were closeted together in the duke's private room.

"I don't suppose there is much in it," began the duke, "but people are talking about you and Lady Dumbello."

"Upon my word, people are very kind." And Mr. Palliser bethought himself of the fact,—for it certainly was a fact,—that people for a great many years had talked about his uncle and Lady Dumbello's mother-in-law.

"Yes; kind enough; are they not? You've just come from Hartlebury, I believe." Hartlebury was the Marquis of Hartletop's seat in Shropshire.

"Yes, I have. And I'm going there again in February."

"Ah, I'm sorry for that. Not that I mean, of course, to interfere with your arrangements. You will acknowledge that I have not often done so, in any matter whatever."

"No; you have not," said the nephew, comforting himself with an inward assurance that no such interference on his uncle's part could have been possible.

"But in this instance it would suit me, and I really think it would suit you too, that you should be as little at Hartlebury as possible. You have said you would go there, and of course you will go. But if I were you, I would not stay above a day or two."

Mr. Plantagenet Palliser received everything he had in the world from his uncle. He sat in Parliament through his uncle's interest, and received an allowance of ever so many thousand a year, which his uncle could stop to-morrow by his mere word. He was his uncle's heir, and the dukedom, with certain entailed properties, must ultimately fall to him, unless his uncle should marry and have a son. But by far the greater portion of the duke's property was unentailed; the duke might probably live for the next twenty years or more; and it was quite possible that, if offended, he might marry and become a father. It may be said that no man could well be more dependent on another than Plantagenet Palliser was upon his uncle; and it may be said also that no father or uncle ever troubled his heir with less interference. Nevertheless, the nephew immediately felt himself aggrieved by this allusion to his private life, and resolved at once that he would not submit to such surveillance.

"I don't know how long I shall stay," said he; "but I cannot say that my visit will be influenced one way or the other by such a rumour as that."

"No; probably not. But it may perhaps be influenced by my request." And the duke, as he spoke, looked a little savage.

"You wouldn't ask me to regard a report that has no foundation."

"I am not asking about its foundation. Nor do I in the least wish to interfere with your manner in life." By which last observation the duke intended his nephew to understand that he was quite at liberty to take away any other gentleman's wife, but that he was not at liberty to give

occasion even for a surmise that he wanted to take Lord Dumbello's wife. "The fact is this, Plantagenet. I have for many years been intimate with that family. I have not many intimacies, and shall probably never increase them. Such friends as I have, I wish to keep, and you will easily perceive that any such report as that which I have mentioned, might make it unpleasant for me to go to Hartlebury, or for the Hartlebury people to come here." The duke certainly could not have spoken plainer, and Mr. Palliser understood him thoroughly. Two such alliances between the two families could not be expected to run pleasantly together, and even the rumour of any such second alliance might interfere with the pleasantness of the former one.

"That's all," said the duke.

"It's a most absurd slander," said Mr. Palliser.

"I dare say. Those slanders always are absurd; but what can we do? We can't tie up people's tongues." And the duke looked as though he wished to have the subject considered as finished, and to be left alone.

"But we can disregard them," said the nephew, indiscreetly.

"You may. I have never been able to do so. And yet, I believe, I have not earned for myself the reputation of being subject to the voices of men. You think that I am asking much of you; but you should remember that hitherto I have given much and have asked nothing. I expect you to oblige me in this matter."

Then Mr. Plantagenet Palliser left the room, knowing that he had been threatened. What the duke had said amounted to this.—If you go on dangling after Lady Dumbello, I'll stop the seven thousand a year which I give you. I'll oppose your next return at Silverbridge, and I'll make a will and leave away from you Matching and the Horns,—a beautiful little place in Surrey, the use of which had been already offered to Mr. Palliser in the event of his marriage; all the Littlebury estate in Yorkshire, and the enormous Scotch property. Of my personal goods, and money invested in loans, shares, and funds, you shall never touch a shilling, or the value of a shilling. And, if I find that I can suit myself, it may be that I'll leave you plain Mr. Plantagenet Palliser, with a little first cousin for the head of your family.

The full amount of this threat Mr. Palliser understood, and, as he thought of it, he acknowledged to himself that he had never felt for Lady Dumbello anything like love. No conversation between them had ever been warmer than that of which the reader has seen a sample. Lady Dumbello had been nothing to him. But now,—now that the matter had been put before him in this way, might it not become him, as a gentleman, to fall in love with so very beautiful a woman, whose name had already been linked with his own? We all know that story of the priest, who, by his question in the confessional, taught the ostler to grease the horses' teeth. "I never did yet," said the ostler, "but I'll have a try at it." In this case, the duke had acted the part of the priest, and

Mr. Palliser, before the night was over, had almost become as ready a pupil as the ostler. As to the threat, it would ill become him, as a Palliser and a Plantagenet, to regard it. The duke would not marry. Of all men in the world he was the least likely to spite his own face by cutting off his own nose; and, for the rest of it, Mr. Palliser would take his chance. Therefore he went down to Hartlebury early in February, having fully determined to be very particular in his attentions to Lady Dumbello.

Among a household of people at Hartlebury, he found Lord Porlock, a slight, sickly, worn-out looking man, who had something about his eye of his father's hardness, but nothing in his mouth of his father's ferocity.

"So your sister's going to be married?" said Mr. Palliser.

"Yes. One has no right to be surprised at anything they do, when one remembers the life their father leads them."

"I was going to congratulate you."

"Don't do that."

"I met him at Courcy, and rather liked him."

Mr. Palliser had barely spoken to Mr. Crosbie at Courcy, but then in the usual course of his social life he seldom did more than barely speak to anybody.

"Did you?" said Lord Porlock. "For the poor girl's sake I hope he's not a ruffian. How any man should propose to my father to marry a daughter out of his house, is more than I can understand. How was my mother looking?"

"I didn't see anything amiss about her."

"I expect that he'll murder her some day." Then that conversation came to an end.

Mr. Palliser himself perceived,—as he looked at her he could not but perceive,—that a certain amount of social energy seemed to enliven Lady Dumbello when he approached her. She was given to smile when addressed, but her usual smile was meaningless, almost leaden, and never in any degree flattering to the person to whom it was accorded. Very many women smile as they answer the words which are spoken to them, and most who do so flatter by their smile. The thing is so common that no one thinks of it. The flattering pleases, but means nothing. The impression unconsciously taken simply conveys a feeling that the woman has made herself agreeable, as it was her duty to do,—agreeable, as far as that smile went, in some very infinitesimal degree. But she has thereby made her little contribution to society. She will make the same contribution a hundred times in the same evening. No one knows that she has flattered anybody; she does not know it herself; and the world calls her an agreeable woman. But Lady Dumbello put no flattery into her customary smiles. They were cold, unmeaning, accompanied by no special glance of the eye, and seldom addressed to the individual. They were given to the room at large; and the room at large, acknowledging

her great pretensions, accepted them as sufficient. But when Mr. Palliser came near to her she would turn herself slightly, ever so slightly, on her seat, and would allow her eyes to rest for a moment upon his face. Then when he remarked that it had been rather cold, she would smile actually upon him as she acknowledged the truth of his observation. All this Mr. Palliser taught himself to observe, having been instructed by his foolish uncle in that lesson as to the greasing of the horses' teeth.

But, nevertheless, during the first week of his stay at Hartlebury, he did not say a word to her more tender than his observation about the weather. It is true that he was very busy. He had undertaken to speak upon the address, and as Parliament was now about to be opened, and as his speech was to be based upon statistics, he was full of figures and papers. His correspondence was pressing, and the day was seldom long enough for his purposes. He felt that the intimacy to which he aspired was hindered by the laborious routine of his life; but nevertheless he would do something before he left Hartlebury, to show the special nature of his regard. He would say something to her, that should open to her view the secret of—shall we say his heart? Such was his resolve, day after day. And yet day after day went by, and nothing was said. He fancied that Lord Dumbello was somewhat less friendly in his manner than he had been, that he put himself in the way and looked cross; but, as he declared to himself, he cared very little for Lord Dumbello's looks.

"When do you go to town?" he said to her one evening.

"Probably in April. We certainly shall not leave Hartlebury before that."

"Ah, yes. You stay for the hunting."

"Yes; Lord Dumbello always remains here through March. He may run up to town for a day or two."

"How comfortable! I must be in London on Thursday, you know."

"When Parliament meets, I suppose?"

"Exactly. It is such a bore; but one has to do it."

"When a man makes a business of it, I suppose he must."

"Oh, dear, yes; it's quite imperative." Then Mr. Palliser looked round the room and thought he saw Lord Dumbello's eye fixed upon him. It was really very hard work. If the truth must be told, he did not know how to begin. What was he to say to her? How was he to commence a conversation that should end by being tender? She was very handsome certainly, and for him she could look interesting; but for his very life he did not know how to begin to say anything special to her. A liaison with such a woman as Lady Dumbello,—platonic, innocent, but nevertheless very intimate,—would certainly lend a grace to his life, which, under its present circumstances, was rather dry. He was told,—told by public rumour which had reached him through his uncle,—that the lady was willing. She certainly looked as though she liked him; but how was he to begin? The art of startling the House of Commons and frightening

the British public by the voluminous accuracy of his statistics he had already learned; but what was he to say to a pretty woman?"

"You'll be sure to be in London in April?"

This was on another occasion.

"Oh, yes; I think so."

"In Carlton Gardens, I suppose."

"Yes; Lord Dumbello has got a lease of the house now."

"Has he, indeed? Ah, it's an excellent house. I hope I shall be allowed to call there sometimes."

"Certainly,—only I know you must be so busy."

"Not on Saturdays and Sundays."

"I always receive on Sundays," said Lady Dumbello. Mr. Palliser felt that there was nothing peculiarly gracious in this. A permission to call when all her other acquaintances would be there, was not much; but still, perhaps, it was as much as he could expect to obtain on that occasion. He looked up and saw that Lord Dumbello's eyes were again upon him, and that Lord Dumbello's brow was black. He began to doubt whether a country house, where all the people were thrown together, was the best place in the world for such manœuvring. Lady Dumbello was very handsome, and he liked to look at her, but he could not find any subject on which to interest her in that drawing-room at Hartlebury. Later in the evening he found himself saying something to her about the sugar duties, and then he knew that he had better give it up. He had only one day more, and that was required imperatively for his speech. The matter would go much easier in London, and he would postpone it till then. In the crowded rooms of London private conversation would be much easier, and Lord Dumbello wouldn't stand over and look at him. Lady Dumbello had taken his remarks about the sugar very kindly, and had asked for a definition of an *ad valorem* duty. It was a nearer approach to a real conversation than he had ever before made; but the subject had been unlucky, and could not, in his hands, be brought round to anything tender; so he resolved to postpone his gallantry till the London spring should make it easy, and felt as he did so, that he was relieved for the time from a heavy weight.

"Good-by, Lady Dumbello," he said, on the next evening. "I start early to-morrow morning."

"Good-by, Mr. Palliser."

As she spoke she smiled ever so sweetly, but she certainly had not learned to call him Plantagenet as yet. He went up to London and immediately got himself to work. The accurate and voluminous speech came off with considerable credit to himself,—credit of that quiet, enduring kind which is accorded to such men. The speech was respectable, dull, and correct. Men listened to it, or sat with their hats over their eyes, asleep, pretending to do so; and the *Daily Jupiter* in the morning had a leading article about it, which, however, left the reader at its close altogether in doubt whether Mr. Palliser might be supposed to be a great

financial pundit or no. Mr. Palliser might become a shining light to the moneyed world, and a glory to the banking interests; he might be a future Chancellor of the Exchequer. But then again, it might turn out that, in these affairs, he was a mere *ignis fatuus*, a blind guide,—a man to be laid aside as very respectable, but of no depth. Who, then, at the present time, could judiciously risk his credit by declaring whether Mr. Palliser understood his subject or did not understand it? We are not content in looking to our newspapers for all the information that earth and human intellect can afford; but we demand from them what we might demand if a daily sheet could come to us from the world of spirits. The result, of course, is this,—that the papers do pretend that they have come daily from the world of spirits; but the oracles are very doubtful, as were those of old.

Plantagenet Palliser, though he was contented with this article, felt, as he sat in his chambers in the Albany, that something else was wanting to his happiness. This sort of life was all very well. Ambition was a grand thing, and it became him, as a Palliser and a future peer, to make politics his profession. But might he not spare an hour or two for *Amaryllis* in the shade? Was it not hard, this life of his? Since he had been told that Lady Dumbello smiled upon him, he had certainly thought more about her smiles than had been good for his statistics. It seemed as though a new vein in his body had been brought into use, and that blood was running where blood had never run before. If he had seen Lady Dumbello before Dumbello had seen her, might he not have married her? Ah! in such case as that, had she been simply Miss Grantly, or Lady Griselda Grantly, as the case might have been, he thought he might have been able to speak to her with more ease. As it was, he certainly had found the task difficult, down in the country,—though he had heard of men of his class doing the same sort of thing all his life. For my own part, I believe, that the reputed sinners are much more numerous than the sinners.

As he sat there, a certain Mr. Fothergill came in upon him. Mr. Fothergill was a gentleman who managed most of his uncle's ordinary affairs,—a clever fellow, who knew on which side his bread was buttered. Mr. Fothergill was naturally anxious to stand well with the heir; but to stand well with the owner was his business in life, and with that business he never allowed anything to interfere. On this occasion Mr. Fothergill was very civil, complimenting his future possible patron on his very powerful speech, and predicting for him political power with much more certainty than the newspapers which had, or had not, come from the world of spirits. Mr. Fothergill had come in to say a word or two about some matter of business. As all Mr. Palliser's money passed through Mr. Fothergill's hands, and as his electioneering interests were managed by Mr. Fothergill, Mr. Fothergill not unfrequently called to say a necessary word or two. When this was done he said another word or two, which might be necessary or not, as the case might be.

"Mr. Palliser," said he, "I wonder you don't think of marrying. I hope you'll excuse me."

Mr. Palliser was by no means sure that he would excuse him, and sat himself suddenly upright in his chair in a manner that was intended to exhibit a first symptom of outraged dignity. But, singularly enough, he had himself been thinking of marriage at that moment. How would it have been with him had he known the beautiful Griselda before the Dumbello alliance had been arranged? Would he have married her? Would he have been comfortable if he had married her? Of course he could not marry now, seeing that he was in love with Lady Dumbello, and that the lady in question, unfortunately, had a husband of her own; but though he had been thinking of marrying, he did not like to have the subject thus roughly thrust before his eyes, and, as it were, into his very lap by his uncle's agent. Mr. Fothergill, no doubt, saw the first symptom of outraged dignity, for he was a clever, sharp man. But, perhaps, he did not in truth much regard it. Perhaps he had received instructions which he was bound to regard above all other matters.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Palliser, I do, indeed; but I say it because I am half afraid of some,—some,—some diminution of good feeling, perhaps, I had better call it, between you and your uncle. Anything of that kind would be such a monstrous pity."

"I am not aware of any such probability." This Mr. Palliser said with considerable dignity; but when the words were spoken he bethought himself whether he had not told a fib.

"No, perhaps not. I trust there is no such probability. But the duke is a very determined man if he takes anything into his head;—and then he has so much in his power."

"He has not me in his power, Mr. Fothergill."

"No, no, no. One man does not have another in his power in this country,—not in that way; but then, you know, Mr. Palliser, it would hardly do to offend him; would it?"

"I would rather not offend him, as is natural. Indeed, I do not wish to offend any one."

"Exactly so; and least of all the duke, who has the whole property in his own hands. We may say the whole, for he can marry to-morrow if he pleases. And then his life is so good. I don't know a stouter man of his age, anywhere."

"I'm very glad to hear it."

"I'm sure you are, Mr. Palliser. But if he were to take offence, you know?"

"I should put up with it."

"Yes, exactly; that's what you would do. But it would be worth while to avoid it, seeing how much he has in his power."

"Has the duke sent you to me now, Mr. Fothergill?"

"No, no, no,—nothing of the sort. But he dropped words the other day which made me fancy that he was not quite,—quite,—quite at ease

about you. I have long known that he would be very glad indeed to see an heir born to the property. The other morning,—I don't know whether there was anything in it,—but I fancied he was going to make some change in the present arrangements. He did not do it, and it might have been fancy. Only think, Mr. Palliser, what one word of his might do! If he says a word, he never goes back from it." Then, having said so much, Mr. Fothergill went his way.

Mr. Palliser understood the meaning of all this very well. It was not the first occasion on which Mr. Fothergill had given him advice,—advice such as Mr. Fothergill himself had no right to give him. He always received such counsel with an air of half-injured dignity, intending thereby to explain to Mr. Fothergill that he was intruding. But he knew well whence the advice came; and though, in all such cases, he had made up his mind not to follow such counsel, it had generally come to pass that Mr. Palliser's conduct had more or less accurately conformed itself to Mr. Fothergill's advice. A word from the duke might certainly do a great deal! Mr. Palliser resolved that in that affair of Lady Dumbello he would follow his own devices. But, nevertheless, it was undoubtedly true that a word from the duke might do a great deal!

We, who are in the secret, know how far Mr. Palliser had already progressed in his iniquitous passion before he left Hartlebury. Others, who were perhaps not so well informed, gave him credit for a much more advanced success. Lady Claididem, in her letter to Lady De Courcy, written immediately after the departure of Mr. Palliser, declared that, having heard of that gentleman's intended matutinal departure, she had confidently expected to learn at the breakfast-table that Lady Dumbello had flown with him. From the tone of her ladyship's language, it seemed as though she had been robbed of an anticipated pleasure by Lady Dumbello's prolonged sojourn in the halls of her husband's ancestors. "I feel, however, quite convinced," said Lady Claididem, "that it cannot go on longer than the spring. I never yet saw a man so infatuated as Mr. Palliser. He did not leave her for one moment all the time he was here. No one but Lady Hartlelop would have permitted it. But, you know, there is nothing so pleasant as good old family friendships."

CHAPTER XLIV.

VALENTINE'S DAY AT ALLINGTON.

LILY had exacted a promise from her mother before her illness, and during the period of her convalescence often referred to it, reminding her mother that that promise had been made, and must be kept. Lily was to be told the day on which Crosbie was to be married. It had come to the

knowledge of them all that the marriage was to take place in February. But this was not sufficient for Lily. She must know the day.

And as the time drew nearer,—Lily becoming stronger the while, and less subject to medical authority,—the marriage of Crosbie and Alexandrina was spoken of much more frequently at the Small House. It was not a subject which Mrs. Dale or Bell would have chosen for conversation; but Lily would refer to it. She would begin by doing so almost in a drolling strain, alluding to herself as a forlorn damsel in a play-book; and then she would go on to speak of his interests as a matter which was still of great moment to her. But in the course of such talking she would too often break down, showing by some sad word or melancholy tone how great was the burden on her heart. Mrs. Dale and Bell would willingly have avoided the subject, but Lily would not have it avoided. For them it was a very difficult matter on which to speak in her hearing. It was not permitted to them to say a word of abuse against Crosbie, as to whom they thought that no word of condemnation could be sufficiently severe; and they were forced to listen to such excuses for his conduct as Lily chose to manufacture, never daring to point out how vain those excuses were.

Indeed, in those days Lily reigned as a queen at the Small House. Ill-usage and illness together falling into her hands had given her such power, that none of the other women were able to withstand it. Nothing was said about it; but it was understood by them all, Jane and the cook included, that Lily was for the time paramount. She was a dear, gracious, loving, brave queen, and no one was anxious to rebel;—only that those praises of Crosbie were so very bitter in the ears of her subjects. The day was named soon enough, and the tidings came down to Allington. On the fourteenth of February, Crosbie was to be made a happy man. This was not known to the Dales till the twelfth, and they would willingly have spared the knowledge then, had it been possible to spare it. But it was not so, and on that evening Lily was told.

During these days, Bell used to see her uncle daily. Her visits were made with the pretence of taking to him information as to Lily's health; but there was perhaps at the bottom of them a feeling that, as the family intended to leave the Small House at the end of March, it would be well to let the squire know that there was no enmity in their hearts against him. Nothing more had been said about their moving,—nothing, that is, from them to him. But the matter was going on, and he knew it. Dr. Crofts was already in treaty on their behalf for a small furnished house at Guestwick. The squire was very sad about it,—very sad indeed. When Hopkins spoke to him on the subject, he sharply desired that faithful gardener to hold his tongue, giving it to be understood that such things were not to be made matter of talk by the Allington dependants till they had been officially announced. With Bell during these visits he never alluded to the matter. She was the chief sinner, in that she had refused to marry her cousin, and had declined even to listen to rational

counsel upon the matter. But the squire felt that he could not discuss the subject with her, seeing that he had been specially informed by Mrs. Dale that his interference would not be permitted; and then he was perhaps aware that if he did discuss the subject with Bell, he would not gain much by such discussion. Their conversation, therefore, generally fell upon Crosbie, and the tone in which he was mentioned in the Great House was very different from that assumed in Lily's presence.

"He'll be a wretched man," said the squire, when he told Bell of the day that had been fixed.

"I don't want him to be wretched," said Bell. "But I can hardly think that he can act as he has done without being punished."

"He will be a wretched man. He gets no fortune with her, and she will expect everything that fortune can give. I believe, too, that she is older than he is. I cannot understand it. Upon my word, I cannot understand how a man can be such a knave and such a fool. Give my love to Lily. I'll see her to-morrow or the next day. She's well rid of him; I'm sure of that;—though I suppose it would not do to tell her so."

The morning of the fourteenth came upon them at the Small House as comes the morning of those special days which have been long considered, and which are to be long remembered. It brought with it a hard, bitter frost,—a black, biting frost,—such a frost as breaks the water-pipes, and binds the ground to the hardness of granite. Lily, queen as she was, had not yet been allowed to go back to her own chamber, but occupied the larger bed in her mother's room, her mother sleeping on a smaller one.

"Mamma," she said, "how cold they'll be!" Her mother had announced to her the fact of the black frost, and these were the first words she spoke.

"I fear their hearts will be cold also," said Mrs. Dale. She ought not to have said so. She was transgressing the acknowledged rule of the house in saying any word that could be construed as being inimical to Crosbie or his bride. But her feeling on the matter was too strong, and she could not restrain herself.

"Why should their hearts be cold? Oh, mamma, that is a terrible thing to say. Why should their hearts be cold?"

"I hope it may not be so."

"Of course you do; of course we all hope it. He was not cold-hearted, at any rate. A man is not cold-hearted, because he does not know himself. Mamma, I want you to wish for their happiness."

Mrs. Dale was silent for a minute or two before she answered this, but then she did answer it. "I think I do," said she. "I think I do wish for it."

"I am very sure that I do," said Lily.

At this time Lily had her breakfast upstairs, but went down into the drawing-room in the course of the morning.

"You must be very careful in wrapping yourself as you go down-stairs," said Bell, who stood by the tray on which she had brought up the toast and tea. "The cold is what you would call awful."

"I should call it jolly," said Lily, "if I could get up and go out. Do you remember lecturing me about talking slang the day that he first came?"

"Did I, my pet?"

"Don't you remember, when I called him a swell? Ah, dear! so he was. That was the mistake, and it was all my own fault, as I had seen it from the first."

Bell for a moment turned her face away, and beat with her foot against the ground. Her anger was more difficult of restraint than was even her mother's,—and now, not restraining it, but wishing to hide it, she gave it vent in this way.

"I understand, Bell. I know what your foot means when it goes in that way; and you shan't do it. Come here, Bell, and let me teach you Christianity. I'm a fine sort of teacher, am I not? And I did not quite mean that."

"I wish I could learn it from some one," said Bell. "There are circumstances in which what we call Christianity seems to me to be hardly possible."

"When your foot goes in that way it is a very unchristian foot, and you ought to keep it still. It means anger against him, because he discovered before it was too late that he would not be happy,—that is, that he and I would not be happy together if we were married."

"Don't scrutinize my foot too closely, Lily."

"But your foot must bear scrutiny, and your eyes, and your voice. He was very foolish to fall in love with me. And so was I very foolish to let him love me, at a moment's notice,—without a thought as it were. I was so proud of having him, that I gave myself up to him all at once, without giving him a chance of thinking of it. In a week or two it was done. Who could expect that such an engagement should be lasting?"

"And why not? That is nonsense, Lily. But we will not talk about it."

"Ah, but I want to talk about it. It was as I have said, and if so, you shouldn't hate him because he did the only thing which he honestly could do when he found out his mistake."

"What; become engaged again within a week!"

"There had been a very old friendship, Bell; you must remember that. But I was speaking of his conduct to me, and not of his conduct to —" And then she remembered that that other lady might at this very moment possess the name which she had once been so proud to think that she would bear herself. "Bell," she said, stopping her other speech suddenly, "at what o'clock do people get married in London?"

"Oh, at all manner of hours,—any time before twelve. They will be fashionable, and will be married late."

"You don't think she's Mrs. Crosbie yet, then?"

"Lady Alexandrina Crosbie," said Bell, shuddering.

"Yes, of course; I forgot. I should so like to see her. I feel such an interest about her. I wonder what coloured hair she has. I suppose she is a sort of Juno of a woman,—very tall and handsome. I'm sure she has not got a pug-nose like me. Do you know what I should really like, only of course it's not possible;—to be godmother to his first child."

"Oh, Lily!"

"I should. Don't you hear me say that I know it's not possible? I'm not going up to London to ask her. She'll have all manner of grandees for her godfathers and godmothers. I wonder what those grand people are really like."

"I don't think there's any difference. Look at Lady Julia."

"Oh, she's not a grand person. It isn't merely having a title. Don't you remember that he told us that Mr. Palliser is about the grandest grandee of them all. I suppose people do learn to like them. He always used to say that he had been so long among people of that sort, that it would be very difficult for him to divide himself off from them. I should never have done for that kind of thing; should I?"

"There is nothing I despise so much as what you call that kind of thing."

"Do you? I don't. After all, think how much work they do. He used to tell me of that. They have all the governing in their hands, and get very little money for doing it."

"Worse luck for the country."

"The country seems to do pretty well. But you're a radical, Bell. My belief is, you wouldn't be a lady if you could help it."

"I'd sooner be an honest woman."

"And so you are,—my own dear, dearest, honest Bell,—and the fairest lady that I know. If I were a man, Bell, you are just the girl that I should worship."

"But you are not a man; so it's no good."

"But you mustn't let your foot go astray in that way; you mustn't, indeed. Somebody said, that whatever is, is right, and I declare I believe it."

"I'm sometimes inclined to think, that whatever is, is wrong."

"That's because you're a radical. I think I'll get up now, Bell; only it's so frightfully cold that I'm afraid."

"There's a beautiful fire," said Bell.

"Yes; I see. But the fire won't go all around me, like the bed does. I wish I could know the very moment when they're at the altar. It's only half-past ten yet."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if it's over."

"Over! What a word that is! A thing like that is over, and then all the world cannot put it back again. What if he should be unhappy after all?"

"He must take his chance," said Bell, thinking within her own mind that that chance would be a very bad one.

"Of course he must take his chance. Well,—I'll get up now." And then she took her first step out into the cold world beyond her bed. "We must all take our chance. I have made up my mind that it will be at half-past eleven."

When half-past eleven came, she was seated in a large easy-chair over the drawing-room fire, with a little table by her side, on which a novel was lying. She had not opened her book that morning, and had been sitting for some time perfectly silent, with her eyes closed, and her watch in her hand.

"Mamma," she said at last, "it is over now, I'm sure."

"What is over, my dear?"

"He has made that lady his wife. I hope God will bless them, and I pray that they may be happy." As she spoke these words, there was an unwonted solemnity in her tone which startled Mrs. Dale and Bell.

"I also will hope so," said Mrs. Dale. "And now, Lily, will it not be well that you should turn your mind away from the subject, and endeavour to think of other things?"

"But I can't, mamma. It is so easy to say that; but people can't choose their own thoughts."

"They can usually direct them as they will, if they make the effort."

"But I can't make the effort. Indeed, I don't know why I should. It seems natural to me to think about him, and I don't suppose it can be very wrong. When you have had so deep an interest in a person, you can't drop him all of a sudden." Then there was again silence, and after a while Lily took up her novel. She made that effort of which her mother had spoken, but she made it altogether in vain. "I declare, Bell," she said, "it's the greatest rubbish I ever attempted to read." This was specially ungrateful, because Bell had recommended the book. "All the books have got to be so stupid! I think I'll read *Pilgrim's Progress* again."

"What do you say to *Robinson Crusoe*?" said Bell.

"Or *Paul and Virginia*?" said Lily. "But I believe I'll have *Pilgrim's Progress*. I never can understand it, but I rather think that makes it nicer."

"I hate books I can't understand," said Bell. "I like a book to be clear as running water, so that the whole meaning may be seen at once."

"The quick seeing of the meaning must depend a little on the reader, must it not?" said Mrs. Dale.

"The reader mustn't be a fool, of course," said Bell.

"But then so many readers are fools," said Lily. "And yet they get something out of their reading. Mrs. Crump is always poring over the *Revelations*, and nearly knows them by heart. I don't think she could

interpret a single image, but she has a hazy, misty idea of the truth. That's why she likes it,—because it's too beautiful to be understood; and that's why I like Pilgrim's Progress." After which Bell offered to get the book in question.

"No, not now," said Lily. "I'll go on with this, as you say it's so grand. The personages are always in their tantrums, and go on as though they were mad. Mamma, do you know where they're going for the honeymoon?"

"No, my dear."

"He used to talk to me about going to the lakes." And then there was another pause, during which Bell observed that her mother's face became clouded with anxiety. "But I won't think of it any more," continued Lily; "I will fix my mind to something." And then she got up from her chair. "I don't think it would have been so difficult if I had not been ill?"

"Of course it would not, my darling."

"And I'm going to be well again now, immediately. Let me see: I was told to read Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, and I think I'll begin now." It was Crosbie who had told her to read the book, as both Bell and Mrs. Dale were well aware. "But I must put it off till I can get it down from the other house."

"Jane shall fetch it if you really want it," said Mrs. Dale.

"Bell shall get it, when she goes up in the afternoon; will you, Bell? And I'll try to get on with this stuff in the meantime." Then again she sat with her eyes fixed upon the pages of the book. "I'll tell you what, mamma,—you may have some comfort in this: that when to-day's gone by, I shan't make a fuss about any other day."

"Nobody thinks that you are making a fuss, Lily."

"Yes, but I am. Isn't it odd, Bell, that it should take place on Valentine's day? I wonder whether it was so settled on purpose, because of the day. Oh, dear, I used to think so often of the letter that I should get from him on this day, when he would tell me that I was his valentine. Well; he's got another—valen—tine—now." So much she said with articulate voice, and then she broke down, bursting out into convulsive sobs, and crying in her mother's arms as though she would break her heart. And yet her heart was not broken, and she was still strong in that resolve which she had made, that her grief should not overpower her. As she had herself said, the thing would not have been so difficult, had she not been weakened by illness.

"Lily, my darling; my poor, ill-used darling."

"No, mamma, I won't be that." And she struggled grievously to get the better of the hysterical attack which had overpowered her. "I won't be regarded as ill-used; not as specially ill-used. But I am your darling, your own darling. Only I wish you'd beat me and thump me when I'm such a fool, instead of pitying me. It's a great mistake being soft to people when they make fools of themselves. There, Bell; there's

your stupid book, and I won't have any more of it. I believe it was that that did it." And she pushed the book away from her.

After this little scene she said no further word about Crosbie and his bride on that day, but turned the conversation towards the prospect of their new house at Guestwick.

"It will be a great comfort to be nearer Dr. Crofts; won't it, Bell?"

"I don't know," said Bell.

"Because if we are ill, he won't have such a terrible distance to come?"

"That will be a comfort for him, I should think," said Bell, very demurely.

In the evening the first volume of the French Revolution had been procured, and Lily stuck to her reading with laudable perseverance; till at eight her mother insisted on her going to bed, queen as she was.

"I don't believe a bit, you know, that the king was such a bad man as that," she said.

"I do," said Bell.

"Ah, that's because you're a radical. I never will believe that kings are so much worse than other people. As for Charles the First, he was about the best man in history."

This was an old subject of dispute; but Lily on the present occasion was allowed her own way,—as being an invalid.

CHAPTER XLV.

VALENTINE'S DAY IN LONDON.

THE fourteenth of February in London was quite as black, and cold, and as wintersome as it was at Allington, and was, perhaps, somewhat more melancholy in its coldness. Nevertheless Lady Alexandrina De Courcy looked as bright as bridal finery could make her, when she got out of her carriage and walked into St. James's church at eleven o'clock on that morning.

It had been finally arranged that the marriage should take place in London. There were certainly many reasons which would have made a marriage from Courcy Castle more convenient. The De Courcy family were all assembled at their country family residence, and could therefore have been present at the ceremony without cost or trouble. The castle too was warm with the warmth of life, and the pleasantness of home would have lent a grace to the departure of one of the daughters of the house. The retainers and servants were there, and something of the rich mellowness of a noble alliance might have been felt, at any rate by Crosbie, at a marriage so celebrated. And it must have been acknowledged, even by Lady De Courcy, that the house in Portman Square was very cold,—that a marriage from thence would be cold,—that there could be no hope of

attaching to it any honour and glory, or of making it resound with fashionable éclat in the columns of the *Morning Post*. But then, had they been married in the country, the earl would have been there; whereas there was no probability of his travelling up to London for the purpose of being present on such an occasion.

The earl was very terrible in these days, and Alexandrina, as she became confidential in her communications with her future husband, spoke of him as of an ogre, who could not by any means be avoided in all the concerns of life, but whom one might shun now and again by some subtle device and careful arrangement of favourable circumstances. Crosbie had more than once taken upon himself to hint that he did not specially regard the ogre, seeing that for the future he could keep himself altogether apart from the malicious monster's dominions.

"He will not come to me in our new home," he had said to his love, with some little touch of affection. But to this view of the case Lady Alexandrina had demurred. The ogre in question was not only her parent, but was also a noble peer, and she could not agree to any arrangement by which their future connection with the earl, and with nobility in general, might be endangered. Her parent, doubtless, was an ogre, and in his ogreship could make himself very terrible to those near him; but then might it not be better for them to be near to an earl who was an ogre, than not to be near to any earl at all? She had therefore signified to Crosbie that the ogre must be endured.

But, nevertheless, it was a great thing to be rid of him on that happy occasion. He would have said very dreadful things,—things so dreadful that there might have been a question whether the bridegroom could have borne them. Since he had heard of Crosbie's accident at the railway station, he had constantly talked with fiendish glee of the beating which had been administered to his son-in-law. Lady De Courcy in taking Crosbie's part, and maintaining that the match was fitting for her daughter, had ventured to declare before her husband that Crosbie was a man of fashion, and the earl would now ask, with a loathsome grin, whether the bridegroom's fashion had been improved by his little adventure at Paddington. Crosbie, to whom all this was not repeated, would have preferred a wedding in the country. But the countess and Lady Alexandrina knew better.

The earl had strictly interdicted any expenditure, and the countess had of necessity construed this as forbidding any unnecessary expense. "To marry a girl without any immediate cost was a thing which nobody could understand," as the countess remarked to her eldest daughter.

"I would really spend as little as possible," Lady Amelia had answered. "You see, mamma, there are circumstances about it which one doesn't wish to have talked about just at present. There's the story of that girl,—and then that fracas at the station. I really think it ought to be as quiet as possible." The good sense of Lady Amelia was not to be disputed, as her mother acknowledged. But then if the marriage

were managed in any notoriously quiet way, the very notoriety of that quiet would be as dangerous as an attempt at loud glory. "But it won't cost as much," said Amelia. And thus it had been resolved that the wedding should be very quiet.

To this Crosbie had assented very willingly, though he had not relished the manner in which the countess had explained to him her views.

"I need not tell you, Adolphus," she had said, "how thoroughly satisfied I am with this marriage. My dear girl feels that she can be happy as your wife, and what more can I want? I declared to her and to Amelia that I was not ambitious, for their sakes, and have allowed them both to please themselves."

"I hope they have pleased themselves," said Crosbie.

"I trust so; but nevertheless,—I don't know whether I make myself understood?"

"Quite so, Lady De Courcy. If Alexandrina were going to marry the eldest son of a marquis, you would have a longer procession to church than will be necessary when she marries me."

"You put it in such an odd way, Adolphus."

"It's all right so long as we understand each other. I can assure you I don't want any procession at all. I should be quite contented to go down with Alexandrina, arm in arm, like Darby and Joan, and let the clerk give her away."

We may say that he would have been much better contented could he have been allowed to go down the street without any encumbrance on his arm. But there was no possibility now for such deliverance as that.

Both Lady Amelia and Mr. Gazebee had long since discovered the bitterness of his heart and the fact of his repentance, and Gazebee had ventured to suggest to his wife that his noble sister-in-law was preparing for herself a life of misery.

"He'll become quiet and happy when he's used to it," Lady Amelia had replied, thinking, perhaps, of her own experiences.

"I don't know, my dear; he's not a quiet man. There's something in his eye which tells me that he could be very hard to a woman."

"It has gone too far now for any change," Lady Amelia had answered.

"Well; perhaps it has."

"And I know my sister so well; she would not hear of it. I really think they will do very well when they become used to each other."

Mr. Gazebee, who also had had his own experiences, hardly dared to hope so much. His home had been satisfactory to him, because he had been a calculating man, and having made his calculation correctly was willing to take the net result. He had done so all his life with success. In his house his wife was paramount,—as he very well knew. But no effort on his wife's part, had she wished to make such effort, could have forced him to spend more than two-thirds of his income. Of this she also was aware, and had trimmed her sails accordingly, likening herself to

him in this respect. But of such wisdom, and such trimmings, and such adaptability, what likelihood was there with Mr. Crosbie and Lady Alexandrina?

"At any rate, it is too late now," said Lady Amelia, thus concluding the conversation.

But, nevertheless, when the last moment came, there was some little attempt at glory. Who does not know the way in which a lately married couple's little dinner-party stretches itself out from the pure simplicity of a fried sole and a leg of mutton to the attempt at clear soup, the unfortunately cold dish of round balls which is handed about after the sole, and the brightly red jelly, and beautifully pink cream, which are ordered, in the last agony of ambition, from the next pastrycook's shop?

"We cannot give a dinner, my dear, with only cook and Sarah."

It has thus begun, and the husband has declared that he has no such idea. "If Phipps and Dowdney can come here and eat a bit of mutton, they are very welcome; if not, let them stay away. And you might as well ask Phipps's sister; just to have some one to go with you into the drawing-room."

"I'd much rather go alone, because then I can read,"—or sleep, we may say.

But her husband has explained that she would look friendless in this solitary state, and therefore Phipps's sister has been asked. Then the dinner has progressed, down to those costly jellies which have been ordered in a last agony. There has been a conviction on the minds of both of them that the simple leg of mutton would have been more jolly for them all. Had those round balls not been carried about by a hired man; had simple mutton with hot potatoes been handed to Miss Phipps by Sarah Miss Phipps would not have simpered with such unmeaning stiffness when young Dowdney spoke to her. They would have been much more jolly. "Have a bit more mutton, Phipps; and where do you like it?" How pleasant it sounds! But we all know that it is impossible. My young friend had intended this, but his dinner had run itself away to cold round balls and coloured forms from the pastrycook. And so it was with the Crosbie marriage.

The bride must leave the church in a properly appointed carriage, and the postboys must have wedding favours. So the thing grew; not into noble proportions, not into proportions of true glory, justifying the attempt and making good the gala. A well-cooked rissole, brought pleasantly to you, is good eating. A gala marriage, when everything is in keeping, is excellent sport. Heaven forbid that we should have no gala marriages. But the small spasmodic attempt, made in opposition to manifest propriety, made with an inner conviction of failure,—that surely should be avoided in marriages, in dinners, and in all affairs of life.

There were bridesmaids and there was a breakfast. Both Margaretta and Rosina came up to London for the occasion, as did also a first cousin of theirs, one Miss Gresham, a lady whose father lived in the same county.

Mr. Gresham had married a sister of Lord De Courcy's, and his services were also called into requisition. He was brought up to give away the bride, because the earl,—as the paragraph in the newspaper declared,—was confined at Courcy Castle by his old hereditary enemy, the gout. A fourth bridesmaid also was procured, and thus there was a bevy, though not so large a bevy as is now generally thought to be desirable. There were only three or four carriages at the church, but even three or four were something. The weather was so frightfully cold that the light-coloured silks of the ladies carried with them a show of discomfort. Girls should be very young to look nice in light dresses on a frosty morning, and the bridesmaids at Lady Alexandrina's wedding were not very young. Lady Rosina's nose was decidedly red. Lady Margaretta was very wintry, and apparently very cross. Miss Gresham was dull, tame, and insipid; and the Honourable Miss O'Flaherty, who filled the fourth place, was sulky at finding that she had been invited to take a share in so very lame a performance.

But the marriage was made good, and Crosbie bore up against his misfortunes like a man. Montgomerie Dobbs and Fowler Pratt both stood by him, giving him, let us hope, some assurance that he was not absolutely deserted by all the world,—that he had not given himself up, bound hand and foot, to the De Courcys, to be dealt with in all matters as they might please. It was that feeling which had been so grievous to him,—and that other feeling, cognate to it, that if he should ultimately succeed in rebelling against the De Courcys, he would find himself a solitary man.

"Yes; I shall go," Fowler Pratt had said to Montgomerie Dobbs. "I always stick to a fellow if I can. Crosbie has behaved like a blackguard, and like a fool also; and he knows that I think so. But I don't see why I should drop him on that account. I shall go as he has asked me."

"So shall I," said Montgomerie Dobbs, who considered that he would be safe in doing whatever Fowler Pratt did, and who remarked to himself that after all Crosbie was marrying the daughter of an earl.

Then, after the marriage, came the breakfast, at which the countess presided with much noble magnificence. She had not gone to church, thinking, no doubt, that she would be better able to maintain her good humour at the feast, if she did not subject herself to the chance of lumbago in the church. At the foot of the table sat Mr. Gresham, her brother-in-law, who had undertaken to give the necessary toast and make the necessary speech. The Honourable John was there, saying all manner of ill-natured things about his sister and new brother-in-law, because he had been excluded from his proper position at the foot of the table. But Alexandrina had declared that she would not have the matter entrusted to her brother. The Honourable George would not come, because the countess had not asked his wife.

"Maria may be slow, and all that sort of thing," George had said;

"but she is my wife. And she had got what they haven't. Love me, love my dog, you know." So he had stayed down at Courcy,—very properly as I think.

Alexandrina had wished to go away before breakfast, and Crosbie would not have cared how early an escape had been provided for him; but the countess had told her daughter that if she would not wait for the breakfast, there should be no breakfast at all, and in fact no wedding; nothing but a simple marriage. Had there been a grand party, that going away of the bride and bridegroom might be very well; but the countess felt that on such an occasion as this nothing but the presence of the body of the sacrifice could give any reality to the festivity. So Crosbie and Lady Alexandrina Crosbie heard Mr. Gresham's speech, in which he prophesied for the young couple an amount of happiness and prosperity almost greater than is compatible with the circumstances of humanity. His young friend Crosbie, whose acquaintance he had been delighted to make, was well known as one of the rising pillars of the State. Whether his future career might be parliamentary, or devoted to the permanent Civil Service of the country, it would be alike great, noble, and prosperous. As to his dear niece, who was now filling that position in life which was most beautiful and glorious for a young woman,—she could not have done better. She had preferred genius to wealth,—so said Mr. Gresham,—and she would find her fitting reward. As to her finding her fitting reward, whatever her preferences may have been, there Mr. Gresham was no doubt quite right. On that head I myself have no doubt whatever. After that, Crosbie returned thanks, making a much better speech than nine men do out of ten on such occasions, and then the thing was over. No other speaking was allowed, and within half an hour from that time, he and his bride were in the post-chaise, being carried away to the Folkestone railway station; for that place had been chosen as the scene of their honeymoon. It had been at one time intended that the journey to Folkestone should be made simply as the first stage to Paris, but Paris and all foreign travelling had been given up by degrees.

"I don't care a bit about France,—we have been there so often," Alexandrina said.

She had wished to be taken to Naples, but Crosbie had made her understand at the first whispering of the word, that Naples was quite out of the question. He must look now in all things to money. From the very first outset of his career he must save a shilling wherever a shilling could be saved. To this view of life no opposition was made by the De Courcy interest. Lady Amelia had explained to her sister that they ought so to do their honeymooning that it should not cost more than if they began keeping house at once. Certain things must be done which, no doubt, were costly in their nature. The bride must take with her a well-dressed lady's-maid. The rooms at the Folkestone hotel must be large, and on the first floor. A carriage must be hired for her use while she remained; but every shilling must be saved the spending of which

would not make itself apparent to the outer world. Oh, deliver us from the poverty of those who, with small means, affect a show of wealth! There is no whitening equal to that of sepulchres whited as they are whited!

By the proper administration of a slight bribe Crosbie secured for himself and his wife a compartment in the railway carriage to themselves. And as he seated himself opposite to Alexandrina, having properly tucked her up with all her bright-coloured trappings, he remembered that he had never in truth been alone with her before. He had danced with her frequently, and been left with her for a few minutes between the figures. He had flirted with her in crowded drawing-rooms, and had once found a moment at Courcy Castle to tell her that he was willing to marry her in spite of his engagement with Lilian Dale. But he had never walked with her for hours together as he had walked with Lily. He had never talked to her about government, and politics, and books; nor had she talked to him of poetry, of religion, and of the little duties and comforts of life. He had known the Lady Alexandrina for the last six or seven years; but he had never known her,—perhaps never would know her,—as he had learned to know Lily Dale within the space of two months.

And now that she was his wife, what was he to say to her? They two had commenced a partnership which was to make of them for the remaining term of their lives one body and one flesh. They were to be all-in-all to each other. But how was he to begin this all-in-all partnership? Had the priest, with his blessing, done it so sufficiently that no other doing on Crosbie's own part was necessary? There she was, opposite to him, his very actual wife,—bone of his bone; and what was he to say to her? As he settled himself on his seat, taking over his own knees a part of a fine fur rug trimmed with scarlet, with which he had covered her other muffings, he bethought himself how much easier it would have been to talk to Lily. And Lily would have been ready with all her ears, and all her mind, and all her wit, to enter quickly upon whatever thoughts had occurred to him. In that respect Lily would have been a wife indeed,—a wife that would have transferred herself with quick mental activity into her husband's mental sphere. Had he begun about his office Lily would have been ready for him, but Alexandrina had never yet asked him a single question about his official life. Had he been prepared with a plan for to-morrow's happiness Lily would have taken it up eagerly, but Alexandrina never cared for such trifles.

"Are you quite comfortable?" he said, at last.

"Oh, yes, quite, thank you. By-the-by, what did you do with my dressing-case?"

And that question she did ask with some energy.

"It is under you. You can have it as foot-stool if you like it."

"Oh, no; I should scratch it. I was afraid that if Hannah had it, it might be lost." Then again there was silence, and Crosbie again considered as to what he would next say to his wife.

We all know the advice given us of old as to what we should do under such circumstances; and who can be so thoroughly justified in following that advice as a newly-married husband? So he put out his hand for hers and drew her closer to him.

"Take care of my bonnet," she said, as she felt the motion of the railway carriage when he kissed her. I don't think he kissed her again till he had landed her and her bonnet safely at Folkestone. How often would he have kissed Lily, and how pretty would her bonnet have been when she reached the end of her journey, and how delightfully happy would she have looked when she scolded him for bending it! But Alexandrina was quite in earnest about her bonnet; by far too much in earnest for any appearance of happiness.

So he sat without speaking, till the train came to the tunnel.

"I do so hate tunnels," said Alexandrina.

He had half intended to put out his hand again, under some mistaken idea that the tunnel afforded him an opportunity. The whole journey was one long opportunity, had he desired it; but his wife hated tunnels, and so he drew his hand back again. Lily's little fingers would have been ready for his touch. He thought of this, and could not help thinking of it.

He had *The Times* newspaper in his dressing-bag. She also had a novel with her. Would she be offended if he took out the paper and read it? The miles seemed to pass by very slowly, and there was still another hour down to Folkestone. He longed for his *Times*, but resolved at last, that he would not read unless she read first. She also had remembered her novel; but by nature she was more patient than he, and she thought that on such a journey any reading might perhaps be almost improper. So she sat tranquilly, with her eyes fixed on the netting over her husband's head.

At last he could stand it no longer, and he dashed off into a conversation, intended to be most affectionate and serious.

"Alexandrina," he said, and his voice was well-tuned for the tender serious manner, had her ears been alive to such tuning. "Alexandrina, this is a very important step that you and I have taken to-day."

"Yes; it is, indeed," said she.

"I trust we shall succeed in making each other happy."

"Yes; I hope we shall."

"If we both think seriously of it, and remember that that is our chief duty, we shall do so."

"Yes; I suppose we shall. I only hope we shan't find the house very cold. It is so new, and I am so subject to colds in my head. Amelia says we shall find it very cold; but then she was always against our going there."

"The house will do very well," said Crosbie. And Alexandrina could perceive that there was something of the master in his tone as he spoke.

"I am only telling you what Amelia said," she replied.

Had Lily been his bride, and had he spoken to her of their future life and mutual duties, how she would have kindled to the theme! She would have knelt at his feet on the floor of the carriage, and, looking up into his face, would have promised him to do her best,—her best,—her very best. And with what an eagerness of inward resolution would she have determined to keep her promise. He thought of all this now, but he knew that he ought not to think of it. Then, for some quarter of an hour, he did take out his newspaper, and she, when she saw him do so, did take out her novel.

He took out his newspaper, but he could not fix his mind upon the politics of the day. Had he not made a terrible mistake? Of what use to him in life would be that thing of a woman that sat opposite to him? Had not a great punishment come upon him, and had he not deserved the punishment? In truth, a great punishment had come upon him. It was not only that he had married a woman incapable of understanding the higher duties of married life, but that he himself would have been capable of appreciating the value of a woman who did understand them. He would have been happy with Lily Dale; and therefore we may surmise that his unhappiness with Lady Alexandrina would be the greater. There are men who, in marrying such as Lady Alexandrina De Courcy, would get the article best suited to them, as Mortimer Gazebee had done in marrying her sister. Miss Griselda Grantly, who had become Lady Dumbello, though somewhat colder and somewhat cleverer than Lady Alexandrina, had been of the same sort. But in marrying her Lord Dumbello had got the article best suited to him;—if only the ill-natured world would allow him to keep the article. It was in this that Crosbie's failure had been so grievous,—that he had seen and approved the better course, but had chosen for himself to walk in that which was worse. During that week at Courcy Castle,—the week which he passed there immediately after his second visit to Allington,—he had deliberately made up his mind that he was more fit for the bad course than for the good one. The course was now before him, and he had no choice but to walk in it.

It was very cold when they got to Folkestone, and Lady Alexandrina shivered as she stepped into the private-looking carriage which had been sent to the station for her use.

"We shall find a good fire in the parlour at the hotel," said Crosbie.

"Oh, I hope so," said Alexandrina, "and in the bedroom too."

The young husband felt himself to be offended, but he hardly knew why. He felt himself to be offended, and with difficulty induced himself to go through all those little ceremonies the absence of which would have been remarked by everybody. He did his work, however, seeing to all her shawls and wrappings, speaking with good-nature to Hannah, and paying special attention to the dressing-case.

"What time would you like to dine?" he asked, as he prepared to leave her alone with Hannah in the bedroom.

"Whenever you please; only I should like some tea and bread-and-butter presently."

Crosbie went into the sitting-room, ordered the tea and bread-and-butter, ordered also the dinner, and then stood himself up with his back to the fire, in order that he might think a little of his future career.

He was a man who had long since resolved that his life should be a success. It would seem that all men would so resolve, if the matter were simply one of resolution. But the majority of men, as I take it, make no such resolution, and very many men resolve that they will be unsuccessful. Crosbie, however, had resolved on success, and had done much towards carrying out his purpose. He had made a name for himself, and had acquired a certain fame. That, however, was, as he acknowledged to himself, departing from him. He looked the matter straight in the face, and told himself that his fashion must be abandoned; but the office remained to him. He might still rule over Mr. Optimist, and make a subservient slave of Butterwell. That must be his line in life now, and to that line he would endeavour to be true. As to his wife and his home, —he would look to them for his breakfast, and perhaps his dinner. He would have a comfortable arm-chair, and if Alexandrina should become a mother, he would endeavour to love his children; but above all things he would never think of Lily. After that he stood and thought of her for half an hour.

"If you please, sir, my lady wants to know at what time you have ordered dinner."

"At seven, Hannah."

"My lady says she is very tired, and will lay down till dinner-time."

"Very well, Hannah. I will go into her room when it is time to dress. I hope they are making you comfortable downstairs?"

Then Crosbie strolled out on the pier in the dusk of the cold winter evening.

A Scotchman in Holland.

A PORTMANTEAU and a small black bag for the cab, a cigar-case and Didot's charming little *Horace* for the pocket, were the simple preparations with which, one day last August, I left my house in Edinburgh to join at Leith the steamer bound for Rotterdam. Starting from the South Side, the cab rolled past the college, a dingy building with no dignity but that of size, and cooped up amidst streets none of them splendid and some of them mean. A few minutes gave us a glimpse of Edinburgh's real interest—the tall, quaint, continental-looking houses of the Canongate; and, that crossed, one minute more revealed its real beauty—the gardened valley which divides the Old from the New Town. I bade adieu to the distant Castle standing out on the left with a majesty which no neglect can destroy—a perpetual reminder of the feudalism to which we Scots owe our best poetry and proudest recollections. Before long, the cab was in the narrow busy streets of Leith, after a tedious rattle through which, the harbour burst upon us with all its stir of shipping, flutter of flags, and fresh sea-breeze, and soon the steamer welcomed me aboard, and I felt that my holiday had really begun. The *Osborne* hauled out of the docks in the customary fashion, which always seems so tardy and unintelligible to landsmen, and then turned her nose eastward, and plied steadily down the Firth of Forth. This is the point of view from which to see the Scottish capital, if you wish to seize its dignity as a whole. A stranger who knew nothing of it would feel, from the Firth, that it *must* be historical; and if he had visited Athens would at once recognize the likeness which has given it in modern times a half-sportive second name. The Castle for an Acropolis—the distant Pentlands for Hymettus—the raised position of the whole city (the ancient back-bone of which is the ridge planted with spires that slopes from the Castle down to Holyrood)—are points of resemblance sufficient, at least, to excuse Edinburgh for accepting this appellation. The modern ruin on the Calton Hill gives a fillip to the illusion, which deepens as you recede. The Firth on this afternoon was charming, and was enlivened by the presence of the Channel Fleet, which had arrived forty-eight hours before. There they lay, some miles distant from Leith, stretching in a line which seemed closer than it really was to the Fife shore. The sight was pleasant to all of us—to me, as an ex-naval man, pleasant and something more. Could I forget, indeed, as we gazed at them from the larboard quarter, while steaming away, the ward-room hospitalities of H.M.S. — the night before? Nothing would be more ungrateful to my host, or to the jolly first lieutenant, who when the youngster of the watch reported that a party of visitors had been left on

board, commanded an official detail to be made of "their number, and gender!" And had not I heard, too, at the same hospitable board, that capital story about the martinet, who, in his anxiety to make the whole ship clean and orderly, went so far as to *whitewash the goose*!

The social life of a steamer is a very different thing, as we all know, from that of a railway. In a steamer you make acquaintances, you chat with everybody, you hear people's histories, you pick up character. My fellow-passengers on this occasion were on the whole an agreeable company, and we lived together in friendly relations. There was an Edinburgh advocate of the better sort—for the profession has been sadly *plebified* since the days of Scott and Lockhart. There was a plucky little Canadian in mourning travelling by herself, and another lady in the same weeds (which always awaken one's interest) who had sailed with a consumptive husband for Australia and buried him in going round the Cape of Good Hope. There was a commercial man who had just swunged a railway company for three thousand pounds on account of an accident. There was a good-natured Scotch sheriff, with a good-looking Scotch wife. There was a Free Kirk probationer; but—not to mention any more in detail—the gem of the company was one who gradually became recognized and spoken of as the Fat Gentleman. I don't think any of us knew his name. But he was fat, and he was a gentleman; and, somehow, he gradually acquired an ascendancy over us which seemed to come to him as naturally as his twenty stone. He first attracted attention as we were bowling past the Berwickshire coast in the evening by an elaborate account of the farming of the Borders, accompanied by concise, but conclusive, decisions on the characters of the landholders. When night came, and we were assembled in the cabin over a friendly tumbler, a serious passenger made some remarks on missionary work;—it suddenly appeared that the fat gentleman had been twelve years in China, and he soon settled *that* subject. In fact, his supremacy so rapidly developed that we meanly strove against each other for his personal notice. Fellows would glide away from the spot on which they were chatting with you, under various pretences, but in reality to court the fat gentleman, who was smoking on another part of the deck. He received our advances with an easy humour; and spoke of himself and his motives for visiting Holland with the openness which is so fascinating in a superior. "I don't want to see their monasteries," said he, in his fine corpulent manner,—and evidently believing that monasteries were as plentiful in Holland as in Portugal,—*"I want to see their dairy-farming. I want to know how they pay their rents!"*

Next day was Sunday, and passed over without divine service of any kind, and almost without incident. There was a rumour in the morning that the Free Kirk probationer meant to practise preaching on us; but a slight rolling of the vessel after breakfast disturbed his plans, and the fishes alone had the opportunity of knowing whether there was anything in him. At noon the *Oscar*, from Leith, after vainly attempting to pass

us to windward, crossed our stern so near as to threaten a collision, and seriously damaged the patent log which was towing astern. This gave us something to talk about, and helped to while away the time till dinner. We turned in at night with extra contentment, knowing that morning would find us off the coast of the Low Countries. There were four of us in each cabin; but the weather admitted of the bull's eye being open, and I got to sleep in spite of the thud, thud, thud of the screw. What I hate a screw for is that it lays hold of your attention by seeming to say something—and for a long time it continued saying—"On the poop!—on the poop!"—till my drowsy brain escaped from it.

Morning broke singularly fine; and when I got on deck, I found that we had crossed the bar, and were fairly in the Maas. At Helvoetsluys we entered the canal, and I gradually began to realize the fact that for the first time in my life I was in the country of William of Orange, Barneveldt, and De Wit; of Tromp and De Ruyter; of Erasmus and Grotius; of Rembrandt and Paul Potter; of Burman and Hemsterhuys. A distant view of Brill recalled the fact that old Martin Harpertz Tromp—Blake's great foe—was born there; and I remembered how he brought his convoy up Channel in February 1653, with Blake and Penn hammering at him. He gathered them together—the stout old seaman!—as a hen gathers her chickens, placed them inside a crescent formed by his men-of-war, and stood for home with a fair wind. The English made a dive every now and then, to snatch one of them, and played at snapdragon, Tromp supplying the fire. On looking round the landscape, and thinking of such men, one could not but feel that it is race and not scenery which determines human greatness. Our own Scotch highlands have produced an unimportant minority of the really memorable Scotsmen; and here was a country before me, noticeably "man-abounding," as Aristophanes says of Greece, and yet without either the majesty of grandeur or the beauty of romance. Not an ugly country, indeed—for there is a quiet charm about the Netherlands which I hope to reproduce as I go along; but still one that owes its attraction to what man has done for it. As you steam quietly up the canal, the banks of which are fringed with long rushes, a perfectly flat, rich, cheerful scene expands around you. There are frequent villages, each with its church-tower or spire, on all parts of the horizon—and each generally more or less clothed with wood. The various canals everywhere intersecting this plain are often lined with poplars and willows. The perpetual breeze turns innumerable windmills, which grind grain, or saw timber, or regulate the canals by preventing the water from accumulating too much at particular spots. Advancing through a prosperous busy life of this kind, you pass many dairy farms—farms which Englishmen are now beginning to bid for—and much rich pasture land dotted with groups of cattle. The last lock on the canal, before you join the Maas again, is at a village characteristically Dutch; that is to say, there is plenty of colour and homely ornament, and an independent quaint-

ness about the shape and style of each house—as if each house were conscious that it was Dutch, and that Dutch independence had been too hard fought for not to be worth maintaining in every detail. Then there is the Dutch love of flowers visible, developing itself often in huge and brilliant hollyhocks, or “stick-roses,” as the Hollanders call them. One welcomes, too, the national cleanliness, which has been the subject of so many jokes—though after living much in Scotland, one learns that dirt is no joking matter! While these hasty observations are made, the steamer gets through the lock, and emerges from the canal (which has cut off an important angle) out on the broad bright waters of the Maas. The Maas is here a stately and brilliant river—being, in fact, to speak genealogically, the child of the marriage of the Meuse with one of the co-heiresses of her ladyship the Rhine. The elder co-heiress preserves her dignity, and her maiden name, and passes through Leyden,—a reduced gentlewoman of high pedigree—(though, between ourselves, cutting no more figure than one of the better sort of canals) as the Rhine Proper. Up the Maas, accordingly, we continued to steam, till presently, a tall grey tower made itself visible over some distant trees. I did not know that this was the cathedral of St. Lawrence, and the fact is, that the city of which we were in quest took us by surprise. The river gave a sudden bend, and ROTTERDAM, with all its inhabitants, rose out of the wave. The city stood entirely on the left or north side of the river before us, with deep water up to its quay, and opposite, on the other side of the broad stream, an open rural country. The day was burning hot. The red houses, sparkling with various colours—the shops proclaiming their description in large gilt letters—were all glittering in a vivid sun. The long line of trees giving the name of Boompjes to this fine street on the Maas—which is street, and boulevard, and quay all in one—had an air of refreshing coolness. We all landed in hilarious spirits, and the Fat Gentleman especially was good enough to signalize his first appearance in Holland by an act of friendly and condescending playfulness to a native. He had accosted the Dutchman in English, and when the honest soul proved so benighted as only to know his proper tongue, our fat friend pardoned him playfully, “Ah, Johnny, you no *sabby*, eh, Johnny?” he said—just as he might have indulged the local ignorance of a coolie at Canton! The Fat Gentleman had indeed resided for some years in China.

Having left my traps at the New Bath Hotel, and ascertained the hour of the *table d'hôte*, I strolled out to see the town,—with that comfortable feeling that the country one had left less than forty-eight hours before was removed from one by an infinite distance, which is the peculiar and perhaps the most beneficial result of travel. Dutch Indianen were loading and unloading at the Boompjes,—the long range of which, full of good houses, looked comfortably picturesque. In one of these houses, Peter Bayle, of the *Dictionary*, died; having corrected a “proof,”—the indefatigable man!—that very morning,—just before Death—inspecting *his* proof,—put his *dele* on the name of Peter. But a greater name than

Bayle dominates Rotterdam; and I soon began to penetrate the city in search of the statue of Erasmus. There were, of course, a score of things to look at by the way, and before I had reached the Market Place, I had enjoyed some of the peculiarities of a Dutch town. The piquancy of a water life going on *inside* a town life, is, of course, the crowning novelty to a stranger. The canals run through the body of the city, like veins in the human body, and their green blood gives it a strange animation. Masts rise beside the trees by which the canals are lined,—opposite windows, with outside shutters of green,—or lined with flowers,—belonging to houses in which the prevailing red is varied by different shades of that warm colour, and by artful zebra-like stripes of white, which seem always to be kept clean and fresh. Outside every window are little mirrors, which present to the person sitting inside the whole line of the street, and into which the Dutch ladies look, as they sit plying their needles, with the constancy of the Lady of Shalott. Barges of many colours push steadily along the canals,—a green cord of weed gathering lightly round their bluff bows, as the long pole used steadily from forward to aft sends them gliding along. The white bridges open heavily to let the constant traffic pass, and no sooner do they close again, than carts, and trucks; and hand-barrows go rattling over them. Everybody is busy; yet so much of the heavy work is done on the water that even a commercial city like Rotterdam—the second city of the kingdom—is comparatively free from noise. If a private carriage passes, it will strike you at once, as either made in England, or in imitation of English models. The rich Rotterdam merchant is very much like an Englishman, of the same class, in his tastes. He belongs to a local yacht club, drives a good turn-out, and gives heavy dinners.

But, while looking about me in this way, and after passing fruit-shops where the melons look blooming—and cigar-shops where the cigars are both good and cheap—and cheese-shops with cheeses as round as the cannon-balls of Admiral Tromp—and after noticing that a painted pole does not indicate a barber's but a provision store, and that the barber makes his presence known by hanging out three basins—pawnbroker's fashion—I have gradually advanced to the Great Market. This spot hardly deserves its name, though as you enter it from the eastern corner an irregular line of old gabled houses seems to wind round you with something of an antique charm. The market is held on a large bridge which crosses a canal, and there—with the booths of the market people at his feet, surrounded by a seedy iron rail—stands a rusty bronze figure in cap and gown, holding in his hands a book. I knew him at once, and as Hood says,—

To the great ERASMUS
I offered my salaam.

I knew him, I say, not merely from the inscription in somewhat indifferent Latin on his pedestal, but because the statue is so obviously modelled on the well-known portrait of Holbein. The powerful nose with

its broad nostrils—the large firm mouth full of character and humour—at once recall the great man of letters of the Reformation, whose cheerful cock-crow of satire, with the fresh morning air of his good sense, frightened away so many of the ghosts of the Middle Ages. He comes to us so associated with the Latin language, and so much of his life was spent in England, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, that we seldom think of him as a *Dutchman*. But he had essentially the sagacity and industry of a Hollander; and the broad, sly, unctuous Rabelaisian humour of the *Colloquia*, the *Encomium Morie*, and the *Ciceronianus*, is just the talent which one recognizes on the canvas of Jan Steen. The statue was put up in the seventeenth century, and I confess I liked the familiarity which seemed to be established between it and the urchins of the market. They all know the fine old fellow's name, and are ready to roar it out to a stranger; and though I detected a piece of tile lying on his book, I feel sure that it was projected in no iconoclastic spirit. Legends, not without poetry in them, have gathered round the statue. The people say that Erasmus turns over a leaf of his book when he hears the cathedral clock of St. Lawrence strike the midnight hour; and anciently (according to Menzel at all events), they added, that when he came to the last leaf the end of the world would be at hand. There may be a deep symbolism in this belief; for, after the world has turned over the last leaf of the Reformation, what will there be left for people to do?

In a small steep street to the north of the Great Market, sloping down to the cathedral, they show you the house in which Erasmus was born. The guide-books had told me it was a gin-shop, but I found that it had degenerated into an establishment for the sale of effervescing waters. It was freshly painted, and a woman stood at the door with a baby in her arms—perhaps another Erasmus?

Returning meditatively to my hotel to dinner, I saw a Dutchman cleaning a nag, and pouring water on him from a garden watering-pot. I wonder if he did it to make him grow?

The New Bath Hotel—where I was sufficiently comfortable, and found the people civil—was full of Britons, but of Britons on the wing. They alight at Rotterdam like a flight of wild ducks, but few stay to see Holland; they are off to Antwerp, to Cologne, and to Switzerland. Some of us who did stay sallied forth at night to observe the humours of the common people in the humbler streets of the town. Preparations were going on for their ancient fair or *kirmish*; and we crushed through noisy narrow lanes, on each side of which women were standing before charcoal fires, brandishing long ladles, and with wonderful rapidity making cakes. We also entered the dancing-saloons of the Dutch tar, and found Falck disporting himself with nymphs, of whom I shall only say, that they might sit admirably to any Dutch painter who wished to place a becoming Europa on Paul Potter's Bull. But there was nothing characteristic or sailor-like in the dance. The honest fellows did their polkas with as little abandon as their betters. There was infinitely less frolicsomeness—not to

say disorder—than we should have seen at Gosport; and I doubt if Jack at Gosport would have acquiesced so philosophically in the stare of strangers, who had only come there to look at him.

Next day I went into a different sphere of observation. We Scots have a double existence on the Continent. We are Englishmen from one point of view; but in most countries there is something to remind us of our old special nationality. A sentimental Frenchman often warms to you as an *Ecossais*, though you have to forgive him for believing that the kilt is worn in Dumfriesshire. And in Presbyterian Holland there are two Scotch churches, of which that at Rotterdam has existed for two hundred years. I had brought letters to the present pastor, the Rev. Mr. B., whose "Scottish kindness" had kept warm in foreign air, and who placed himself at my disposal, without restraint. His church stands near the end of the Scotch Dyke—an ancient street, with houses of the Spanish time, still distinguishable in it—tall red houses, crowned with a triangular-shaped head-piece of white stones, the smallest of which forms the apex. The houses of this street, seen from the end, were distinctly leaning from the perpendicular; and they have long outlived the numerous Scotch population to which they owed their name. The present Scotch congregation is indeed rather of Scotch descent than Scotch proper; and, some time ago, the Dutch Government suppressed one of the pastorates. A pleasant trait of the old world is a collection of nearly a dozen portraits of the ministers who have held charges in the Scotch church, which are kept in the vestry-room. When the French revolutionists overran Holland, they prodded these portraits with bayonets—a feat that would not have been so easy to try on the Scotch Fusiliers! The church is a roomy and comfortable one; but, true to its national tradition, excludes the organ. Mr. Spurgeon preached in it, during his Dutch tour, and I heard a characteristic anecdote of him. He had been seeing Rotterdam, and observing the peculiarities of Dutch city life, and he turned the experience to account, *more suo*, in the pulpit. "Open the bridges," exclaimed he, "and let the sinners pass!"

Walking along the Scotch Dyke—or Schiedamsche Dyke, as it is now beginning to be called—you turn into the Hoogstraat, and so reach easily the cathedral of St. Lawrence. A market is still held in its precincts, and heaps of yellow cabbages rise round the base of the venerable pile. Of course one does not find in a Protestant, a Presbyterian cathedral, the opulent ornamentation, the artistic splendour, the sanctified luxuriousness of the edifices of the Roman Church. But the Presbyterianism of Holland has a stateliness which that of Scotland does not possess. Here, for instance, in St. Lawrence, an organ some eighty feet high towers up to the roof at the end of the building; and when its shapely and massive golden pipes pour out their deep flood of music, the flood carries away the "precentor," and drowns him as an overflowing river would drown a piping linnet. The congregation have the musical notes printed in their Psalm-books, and that noble music must, in the long run, elevate their

conceptions of the actual meaning of the Psalms. Then, at Gouda, there is wonderful old painted glass; and in one church which I saw at Amsterdam, carving of the most beautiful antique kind on the pulpit stairs; and the monuments of the admirals are always noble. Under the flag-stones of all the chief churches lie their old families, the coats-of-arms having been carefully scraped away by French revolutionists, who took this mode of making up for having no coat-armour of their own. But, for the rest, the modern elements in a Dutch church are homely enough; plenty of clean whitewash on the pillars, a pulpit in some central position, pews of plain deal, rows of stout cane-bottomed chairs, and feet-warmers heated with charcoal. They are steady church-goers, the Netherlands, but make themselves comfortable in church; not forgetting this world, while learning about another. The alms for the poor (and no nation is more liberal to the poor) are collected in the churches by means of long strong flexible wands, with velvet bags, like skull-caps, at the end of them. After observing these characteristic details, let the reader do as we did this afternoon, and ascend the gray square old tower of St. Lawrence. It is a matter of some three hundred and fifty steps. You emerge on a convenient landing-place. Rotterdam lies at your feet, and Holland is spread before and around you, a living map. To the northward, on a very clear day, even the spires of Amsterdam may be seen; and the eye ranges over the indistinct clusters which mark the whereabouts of Delft and the Hague. Turning to the eastward you see the bend which the Maas makes above Rotterdam, with probably a fleet of market-boats sailing in a long string for the villages on its banks. Everywhere there is a rich level country, willowy, watery, windmilly; patched here and there with small lakes, but bearing signs, on all hands, of a dominant industry, and of an ancient dominant human intelligence, which keeps nature in order, coaxes the rivers into serving its purposes, turns many a penny out of the winds, and successfully holds its own against the imperious Northern Sea. Look down from this parapet upon Rotterdam, placed like a triangle with the Maas for a base; its red roofs seeming to burn below you like a clear fire. How tranquilly the city reposes on its canals, with the Singel (*cingulum*) winding round it for a belt! Yet a north-west wind, for two successive tides, floods the town. What was a street yesterday, becomes a river; and you pass in a boat over the spot last occupied by your child's perambulator. Women scurry off, holding up their petticoats. Heavy gentlemen are carried into dry regions by porters. The doors and ground-floor windows are closed, secured, and made impregnable to wet, by processes founded on old experience; and the householder walks up-stairs and hails in his drawing-room a *terra firma*! No wonder that the Dutch are good water-engineers. The country is kept safe and sound, and comfortable, by dint of engineering, and a college for training the State engineers, who look after the dykes, exists at Delft.

The mention of Delft leads us naturally to that quaint historic old

town, to which the railway takes you in a very short run from Rotterdam. The chief towns of Holland all lie at wonderfully convenient distances ; and you pass in an insignificant portion of the day from cities full of one kind of interest to cities full of another—just as if Liverpool were within hail of Ely, or Oxford next door to Norwich. Thus, in the space of a cigar (which you may smoke anywhere but in the first-class, stations and all) Rotterdam with its 102,000 inhabitants, bustling thoroughfares, and East Indiemen, is forgotten ; you have glided through Schiedam's smoke, you are loitering under the chestnut-trees of the tranquilles of canals in Delft the Silent, which holds the bones of William the Silent. Good old East Indian fogies from Java and Surinam spend their retirement in this town, which has witnessed some of the most important events in Netherlands history. I confess that my own first care was to pay a pilgrimage to the monument in the Old Church of Martin Harpertz Tromp. The Englishman who conquered him sleeps without a stone ; but the Dutch have lavished a care on the monuments of their admirals which they have not shown to their statesmen, their authors, or their painters. As I entered the church, which has a quaint leaning-tower, the magnificent mass of white marble over the old seaman's grave came full in view at once. The afternoon sun was shining through the windows of the empty building—and a roll of sonorous music from the organ—for the organist happened to be practising—was an accident which gave a pleasing tone of solemnity to the visit. The admiral is lying at full length, with his head upon a ship's gun, in a massive repose like the sleep of an old lion ; and below, in bas-relief, and around him in carved figures, are abundant symbols of the occupations of his stormy and valiant life. Just opposite this old church, and close to its trees, stands the *Prinsenhof*, now a barrack, where in July, 1584, William the Silent fell by the pistol-shot of Balthazar Gerard. The scene is perfectly to be realized. He was ascending the stair, which still exists, and you can place yourself in the corner, where his assassin stood. The marks of the pistol-bullets are on the wall. They have been fingered by starers, so that—as a Dutch artillery officer, with whom I had some talk on the spot, told me—they have grown with time. A dining-room of the great prince's close by is used as a place for the soldiers to do gymnastics in, and swings and poles occupy the spot where he led hand-in-hand to the board Louise de Coligny. His bones lie in the new church, where there is an imposing monument,—sombre with black marble, and glittering with rich heraldry and metallic ornaments—to his name. The house of Orange—the present chiefs of which descend from the Frisian branch—from the great Taciturn's brother,—are drawn to their graves in the church by eight black Frisian horses, and rest in the neighbourhood of the greatest man of their line. The direct succession of the house ended with our William III., the Taciturn's great-grandson, whose genius and energy came to him, not only from great men, but (as Temple points out) from great men who had married remarkable women. Temple thought William's mother the ablest woman

he ever knew;* and mentions a curious trait of the taste for elegant splendour which had come to her with her Stuart blood, that she never used anything—even a water-jug—that was not made of gold. Near the Prince of Orange's splendid but not altogether graceful tomb, a simple mural tablet records the burial-place of Grotius. Delft was his native city, and he could not have a stiller one to sleep in after his busy and harassed life, of study and politics, controversy, diplomacy, and exile.

From Delft to the Hague is twenty-four miles, and you soon find yourself in a very different scene. The Hague, too, has its great historical memories; but they are like old family jewels newly set in a light modern setting—gorgeous and gay. At the Hague, you have the stately walks and houses of a capital—something of the brilliance of a little Paris; and for environs the charming wood from which the city takes its name, and which throws around it an air of sylvan poetry. The princes of the House of Orange do well to be buried at Delft; but the Hague is the best place in Holland for head-quarters while alive. The present king, however, prefers his palace of Loo, in Guelderland, where he enjoys sporting, and is removed from the too close observation of a gossiping public. They are gallant men, these princes of the House of Nassau; but their vigour expends itself now-a-days chiefly in the pursuit of pleasure. It is only lately that the king has become reconciled with his wife,—one of the most gifted and accomplished sovereign ladies of Europe. And it is no secret that his heir has had a *jeunesse orangeuse*. To this may be attributed the fact that he has not yet made an alliance with one of the daughters of England,—if it be not also true that he is in love with a lady of an English noble family. It would be a heavy demand on the loyalty of the Dutch to ask them to consent to the marriage of their future king with a subject of any state. They are full of their history to their fingers' ends,—and all the more full of it, because their history is greater than their actual position,—like an ancient family that has come down in the world. And yet the House of Orange is wonderfully strong in the Netherlands, and has long triumphed at once over the old opposition of the States' party to the Stadtholders, and over the modern republican opposition to the monarchy. The Dutch not only venerate the family as mixed up with their history, but have a suspicion that without it they could not maintain their unity and independence. A Belgian's respect for King Leopold is based on gratitude to him for his personal services, joined with a pride in the high regard which he enjoys from other sovereigns. But a Dutchman's respect for King William is something apart from his opinion about King William himself. It is rooted in his nationality and domesticity as a Hollander. It is like the feeling which he has towards his son or his grandfather; towards the streak of water which bounds his

* *Observations on the Netherlands*. By Sir William Temple. This is far his best book, though he is generally and unjustly estimated by his literary essays. The "Observations" is a text-book in the Netherlands at this moment.

pleasure-ground and his flower-garden ; towards the dykes and dunes that save him from the Northern Ocean. For, after all, the House of Orange has been to the Dutch against foreigners what dykes and dunes have been to them against the sea. Curiously, also, this monarchical feeling co-exists with an independent local feeling essentially republican in its origin and derivation. The historical feeling of affection for the monarchy did not seem to me to extend to the aristocracy of the country. The fact is that the old aristocracy of North and South Holland had waned before Temple's time; and the ancient families are still found, as they were then, in Friesland and Guelderland. The legal changes resulting from French occupation are breaking up the estates of the nobles. They show a tendency to withdraw from public life, and to cease to form part of the active society of the country ; and when an aristocracy does this, finally, its practical extinction is only a question of time. The social democratic spirit, however—the levelling tendency, of which we hear so much from travellers in America—is not visible to a traveller in the Netherlands. On the contrary, there is a respect shown to gentlemen by the Dutch peasantry which could not be surpassed in Sussex or Hampshire, and of which we have much less in Scotland than is common in the south.

The homogeneity, the nationality of the Hollanders—of which their regard for the Orange family is a symbolic expression—gives a family likeness to all that they do, and all that they are. I have said already that one recognizes Erasmus in Jan Steen. But the same feeling comes over you in various forms in their picture-galleries—in the Boyman Museum at Rotterdam; the Royal Museum at the Hague ; the Trippen-huis at Amsterdam. The wonderful industry which finished every red hair in Paul Potter's bull, and made him so *real* that one wonders how a butcher refrains from digging him in the ribs, and why he has not been exhibited in Baker Street—the patient labour which completed the twenty-five figures in Van der Helst's Banquet after the treaty of Munster,—what is that but the same faculty which drained the polders, and covered old sea-beds with rich pasture, and gardens blazing with tulips? The peculiar charm of the great picture-gallery at the Hague is its national character; and one cannot but envy the Dutch for having had such a simultaneous development of their different kinds of genius. The age of Prince Maurice, Olden Barnaveldt, Grotius, was also the age of Rembrandt and Van der Helst. The great men were contemporary with the great portrait-painters. Just so again, Van der Velde lived at the same time with Tromp and De Ruyter ; and when the Dutch had an admiral capable of taking a British ship, they had a painter who could put its likeness on a living and moving sea. Their art is a powerful instrument in keeping their patriotism alive. A man loves the landscape better for having been limned by Wouwermans and Cuyp, and feels that he too could have fought under Tromp, when he sees a likeness to his grandmother in a picture by Gerard Dow. I do not wonder, then, at the intense national feeling of the Dutch ; and when I was shown by a

worthy mechanic in an apron, at the collection of naval models and inventions at the Hague, the stern of the *Royal Charles*, captured in the Medway in Charles the Second's reign, I did not grudge it to the good souls. They have fought with us, and they have fought against us; and with us or against us, they have always fought well. Now-a-days, too, it is our true policy to back up the small Free States,—especially those of Teutonic blood—against the great military despotisms of the Continent; and there is no more reason why Britons and Dutchmen should be sore about their past battles, than why a middle-aged man should be sore about his battles at school. The fellow who tapped your claret in the pugilist's sense in your boyhood, is generally extra welcome to do so, in the true vinous signification of the phrase, in after life.

But, indeed, it is not difficult to be friends with the Dutchmen; for in the first place there is a natural affinity between us and them in type and habits. Looking round the *table-d'hôte*, you fix on a solid, dome-headed, blue-eyed, clean-shaven old gentleman, silently consuming his dinner, and you set him down for a respectable London solicitor, who has come to the Hague for a holiday; he turns out to be a Netherlander, who never was in England in his life. The meals themselves come more natural to you than in France. There is no *déjeuner* in the morning, with its cutlets, or *rognons*, potatoes, and *vin ordinaire*—or cider, if you be in Normandy. Everybody takes tea for breakfast, and breakfasts separately. Your little teapot is placed before you, with your quantum of tea in a small case; once, mine came in what looked like an ink-bottle,—an incident which had a fine significance, since I have had many a breakfast out of an ink-bottle before now! If you order nothing special, you take the run of the cheese (reminding one of the Highlands) and of smoked beef in slices as thin as shavings. But by all means, try the national luxury, a fresh herring. The love of the herring is a worship in Holland—partly, I do believe, because the herring-fishery is historic. When the first batch of the new season arrives, men hurry away with them to the capital. A prize of so many hundred guilders (guilder or florin = 1s. 8d.) rewards the earliest comer. The first dish is carried to the queen; and they sell at a fancy price apiece.

Haring in 's land,
Zieken aan hand.

"When the herring comes in the country, all maladies are past," says the proverb. The "fresh herring" is not cooked—only cured by the seamen in the boats; so that it cuts like raw flesh, but is cool, pungent, and pleasant, with its little garnish of parsley. The smoked herring is called *bukkam*. For breakfast, with, say an omelette, you will pay a guilder; for your bed, a guilder; for dinner, with half a bottle of excellent *vin ordinaire*, two guilders and twenty-five cents, that is, three-and-ninepence. The veal is particularly good, and you get a dozen or more dishes, the last generally a fowl with salad, and a decent dessert. Wine is as dear as at home; nor, indeed, is anything cheap except tobacco. A penny Dutch cigar is as

respectable as our threepenny ones. They are inveterate smokers in all ranks. The pipe has long been one of the marks of a pastor, or dominie, as they call their clergymen; and I once, in a country village, found the parson hearing his youngsters the catechism, with a cigar in his mouth. These little freedoms of the Dutch clergy, and the much less rigid observance of Sunday in their country, are curious and piquant in Scottish eyes. But there is a freedom in higher matters, of which Scotland has no example. The Arminianism, which, as opposed to the dominant Calvinism, convulsed Holland in the seventeenth century, has now quietly got the mastery in the national theology; and the new theology, inspired by Germany, is steadily sapping the stout old orthodoxy, for which Presbyterianism ought, according to many people, to have been a safe guarantee.

What I have described as the affinity in type and habits between us and the Dutch, is especially shown in their domesticities. They are great people for blood and kindred, and family gatherings; and from all I could hear, their domestic life is pure and respectable. The elopement of a Dutch married lady with a dragoon would shock the country very much like a breach made in the dykes. After twelve and a half years of matrimony a married pair holds its "copper wedding," when a family gathering and a distribution of copper ornaments takes place; at the twenty-fifth anniversary the "silver wedding," with the presents of silver, follows; and when the fiftieth year is attained, a similar ceremony, with gold for its symbols, marks the event. There is, indeed, an antique quaintness in some of the Dutch customs of social life, which is irresistibly comic. When a Dutch dame lies in, for instance, the happy event is not made known to the world in the meagre fashion of our—"Mrs. Tomkins of a son." On the contrary, you read in the *Haarlem Courant* (a paper which has lasted since 1650), that the Vrow So-and-so has been "very prosperously delivered"—"*zeer voorspoedig bevallen*"—of a son, or daughter, as the case may be. Sometimes it is added, "of a very well shapen"—son or daughter! So, too, in the case of death. You meet a functionary in the street in knee-breeches, cocked hat, long piece of crape behind, all black and funereal. That is the *bidder*, who takes the news of a death to every house in the street, and every acquaintance of the defunct. When a person of condition dies there will be four or five *bidders* making the round, and accompanied by an official in an extraordinary black hat, a preternatural wideawake, and a long black gown. He is the *huilebalk*, or *howler*, and while the *bidders* are communicating the mournful news at the door, it is his business to stand a little way off and shed tears, which are charged for in the undertaker's bill. I am sorry to add that the *huilebalk* is becoming obsolete, and his employment falling into disuse. But all these traits of the old Dutch simplicity are somewhat connected with the natural kindness of the people. I found Dutchmen of all conditions ready to give information and be civil. A fair proportion of them know, and some of them speak, English; but with French you are perfectly comfortable; and the scholars will talk Latin into the

bargain, if you like. At the Hague, wishing to identify the place of interment of Spinoza, I applied myself to the celebrated chief of the archives, M. Backhuysen van den Brink,* and nothing could be more courteous than his reception. Afterwards I had occasion to consult some books at the Royal Library, and again I found civility and attention, this time at the hands of a gentleman whose ancestry was Scotch. The Royal Library was formerly a house of the English embassy, and contains 150,000 volumes—being richest in the national history. Buckle read here, during his residence at the Hague, when he was studying Dutch; and after spending eight or nine hours over his books, would refresh himself in the evening—with chess.

There are two things which the tourist at the Hague should do after visiting the regular lions, and expending a little money at the beautiful bazaar. He should go out to the wood to hear the military-band play on the Wednesday evenings; there being a charm beyond even the admirable music, in forming one of many thousand listening in perfect silence to it amidst the leaves. And he should drive over (though the advice is scarcely necessary) to the watering-place of Schevening, which he will reach through a long alley of trees. There, let him sit down by the beach in front of the hotel (drinking anything but *Bass*, for which he will be charged a guilder the bottle), and contemplate in silence the sea of Van der Velde. I drove out here one evening with a young Belgian gentleman, and was amused by the *naïveté* of the waiter, who was ignorant of my companion's nationality. I had asked the waiter if he was *Hollandais*? "*Malheureusement, monsieur, je suis Belge!*" was the reply. "You see," said my companion, after the man left, "that Belgium is an over-peopled country, and it is hard for them all to find employment."

Half an hour's railway travel brought me one evening from the Hague to Leyden, where I planted myself for some days at the *Lion d'Or*, in the *Breed-sstraat*. My heart warmed to the old university town, where successive generations of Scotsmen were educated from the sixteenth century onwards; where Henry Fielding studied at twenty years of age, after leaving Eton; from whence Goldsmith (who proceeded to it from Edinburgh) set out with his flute; the town which holds the bones of Joseph Scaliger, and once held the printing-press of the Elzevirs; Leyden, the *Lugdunum Batavorum* of the Romans—the Batavian Athens of the Dutch poets—one of the brightest stars, for three centuries, of the literary constellation of the north. The university of Leyden owed its existence to the city's heroism.

It was founded in 1575 to commemorate the noble defence against the Spaniards during the previous year; and a long list of celebrated

* See the Preface of Mr. Motley (whose admirable Dutch History is already naturalized in the Netherlands) for his obligations to this eminent scholar. Spinoza lies buried—though without a monument—in the Church on the Spuy. The house in which he died has, by a happy fatality, become an orphanage for orphans of the Jewish race.

scholars has illustrated its name. Joseph Scaliger, Grævius, Perizonius, Burman, Hemsterhuys, Valckenaer,—these are only some of the men mixed up with the literary history of Leyden. The ponderous folios of the two Thesauruses of Grævius saw the light there, as well as the dainty Elzevirs, the ancestors of Didot's *éditions de luxe*. There, was published, by Burman, the last edition of my countryman, George Buchanan, on which occasion Burman made some slighting reflections on Scottish scholarship, for which he was chastised by the patriotic Ruddiman. Leyden, in fact, has always had a cosmopolitan character as a place of study. Thanks to the civility of the authorities, I made a cursory inspection of the *Album* of the University. Poles, Danes, Germans, Hungarians, were sprinkled through the volumes; and so many Scotsmen, that I counted between the years 1727 and 1737 no less than *seven* Campbells and *ten* Gordons. But one entry of world-wide interest I must put with more formality. Under the year 1728 appears this name—HENRICUS FIELDING, ANGLUS, ANN. 20. STUD. LIT. We all knew, before, that Fielding had studied at Leyden, after leaving Eton. But it is interesting to learn that he studied literature, and not law only, and it helps to explain his superior attainments. He was living at the "Hotel of Antwerp," where the liquor was probably good, and which he evidently preferred to lodgings. Oliver Goldsmith's name does not appear in the *Album* at all. The English church where our British countrymen worshipped, and in which the remains of many of them lie, is now a ruin. Nor is Leyden the resort of foreign students, as it once was. But there are six hundred of the youth of Holland always in its lists, and its dignity has still been sustained in our own days by professors like Peerlkamp and Cobet. The venerable Peerlkamp, whose *Horace* founded a new era in Horatian criticism, now lives in retirement at Hilversum. But Cobet, at present Rector Magnificus of the University, is in the prime of life. Our Scottish Grecian, Mr. William Veitch,—*Scotorum longe doctissimus*—had charged me not to pass through Leyden without paying my respects to Professor Cobet; and I had no reason to repent following his advice. The talk of the professor, who, like most Dutch scholars, understands English but prefers speaking French, and who will talk Latin or Italian if a visitor likes them better, was full of spirit and vigour. He expressed unbounded admiration for Bentley and Porson, and great respect for Dawes, and seemed most familiar, among our living modern scholars, with the names of Christopher Wordsworth, Conington, and Badham. He does not like the collegiate system of university life, but prefers giving students the freedom common to those of Scotland and the Continent.

According to this system, the Leyden students live in lodgings scattered over the streets of their ancient, quiet, picturesque, and under-peopled town. A strange flavour of the mediæval world is given to the shops, by the *cubicula locanda*, which announces that their inmates have students' lodgings to let. To one of these comes the young Dutchman of seventeen or eighteen—a blond Frisian—tall and slim, obstinate somewhat, and

self-opinionated, as "a free Frisian" may be excused for being; or, a gay Brabanter, social and vivacious—the French Dutchman; or, the shrewd, sturdy, kindly Hollander of North or South Holland. He takes a couple of chambers at the top of a rather steep staircase, and furnishes his sitting-room not without taste and elegance. He usually has a piano there; a shelf of books, among which one is glad to recognize a Shakspeare; and some good engravings,—generally of scenes from Netherlands' history. In the morning, he attends classes at the university,—a venerable edifice of pale red, with a row of five arched and five square windows on its chief portion, which is shaped like a tower. The university stands on a canal bordered by trees, right opposite the house once occupied by the Elzevirs, and has a charming botanic garden at the back. A room full of portraits of the old professors, among which one soon distinguishes the hoary beard of Scaliger, gives to the building a pleasant human and genial antiquity,—in harmony with which is the employment of the Latin language for all the teaching of literature and law. Here, the student attends in different class-rooms, presenting nothing but very plain interior arrangements, the *lectiones* of his various professors. He dines in a mess of his own, with other selected comrades, or perhaps at the students' club, the "Minerva," about four o'clock, and devotes the evening to country rambles, to study, or to one of the two favourite *cafés* in the *Breed-straat*.

It was vacation-time when I was in Leyden; but a happy accident gave me the acquaintance of a knot of Dutch gentlemen, who had finished their studies for the learned professions, and were winding-up their university life. With a hospitality which I shall never forget, they received me into the bosom of their set; made me an honorary member of their mess; and, during a jolly week of lovely summer weather, laid open to me the pleasantest recesses of Leyden student life. It was a revival of the old days when Maxwells, and M'Dowalls, and Gordons met, at many a festive comotation amidst the same scenes, the descendants of the *Batavi*, and cheered with song and laughter the last hours of the quietly-dying Rhine. In the forenoons we visited St. Peter's Church, which holds the monuments of Scaliger* and of Boerhave; or strolled round the promenade—cool with wood and water—which encircles the town like a rural nymph's zone; or inspected the noble museums, rich with the spoil of the ancient life of the Indies—the ancient worlds of Etruria, Greece, and Egypt, and the curious civilization of Japan. Weeks of study might be bestowed on any of these collections; and that of Japan is so uniquely endowed that the Leyden authorities *dare not* show it the other day to the Japanese ambassadors. It contains many objects—quietly brought away—the exportation of which is forbidden by the Japanese Government. At four o'clock the most comfortable-looking of Dutchwomen (a comely race

* It was removed there, on the church (a Walloon one) where he was buried falling into decay. His bones actually lie in an almost unapproachable situation, surrounded by the lowest female population of the town.

on the whole, and commendably given to well-plaited caps, and stockings of a piquant whiteness) had our dinner ready in the cool ground-floor room in a retired street. The veal of Holland was washed down by the beer of Bavaria, and its melons were moistened gratefully with the white wine of the Rhine, and the red wine of Burgundy,—the last the favourite tippie of Erasmus. Some old impressions of mine regarding the probable liquors of Dutch students were disturbed—nay, exploded—by this week at Leyden. I had expected to find their national “Hollands” occupying a similar position to our Scottish whisky. I thought that it would have played a part in the Dutch civilization, like that great gulf-stream of toddy which flows through my native land—softening our natural severity, tempering our old fanaticism, and modifying our rugged climate. But no class above the lowest drinks Hollands in Holland; and what seems stranger, even their pleasant Curaçoa—with us a refreshment rather distinguished than otherwise—ranks among them as a peasant’s drink. Dinner over, we drove out to the country, to enjoy the coolness of the evening air—sometimes seaward, till the long range of the dunes came in view—the barrier of the coast—and we saw a string of distant wild ducks, like a kite’s tail, in the air; sometimes to the villages through which Oliver Goldsmith trudged with his flute—villages surrounded by orchards and gardens, and where the presence of a foreigner brought peasants in wooden shoes, and women with foreheads ornamented with metallic plates, to the doors. On other occasions, we visited the environs of the Hague. But perhaps the pleasantest fun of all was to embark from a tavern garden on some canal, and take a quiet row past the country houses and windmills. Returning from such a trip during the stillness of sunset, we would call on one of the party for the national air—the “Netherlands Blood”—all hats going off while the performance lasted. And this would be followed by one of the old student-songs of the country—running in the following fashion :—

Io vivat! Io vivat!
Nostrorum sanitas!
Dam nihil est in poculo,
Tum repleatur denao!
Io vivat! etc.
Nos jungit amicitia,
Et vinum præbet gaudia!
Io vivat! etc.

There was, of course, much interchange of international good feeling on these occasions, and no little curious speechifying in a somewhat piebald diction. May I hope that there lingers at Leyden some remembrance of a comfortably-built *Scotus*, who, at the second *cognac-grogue*, addressed the company, in the Latin language, on the propriety of a league between the Teutonic nations, for general purposes of politics and conviviality?

The Story of the Mhow Court-Martial.

THE passionate interpellations of Mr. William Coningham, and the more moderate and practical statements of Mr. Dudley Fortescue, towards the end of last session, respecting certain facts arising out of a court-martial held at Mhow, in Central India, in the spring of 1862, upon Captain Smales, the late Paymaster of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, have familiarized the public with the name of that now notorious tribunal, without either acquainting them with the nature of the case submitted to it, or of the evidence by which it was induced to arrive at a verdict entirely approved of by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India, severely criticized by H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief at home, and since condemned as illegal and quashed by the advice of the law officers of the Crown.

Were it not that a second court-martial, directed to inquire into a deplorable incident which is alleged to have resulted from certain proceedings connected with the trial of Captain Smales, is shortly about to assemble, it would be scarcely worth while to attempt to disentangle the strange skein of conflicting evidence recorded in the Parliamentary Blue Book containing the proceedings of the court-martial which cashiered Captain Smales. But, in order to understand the case which is now about to be inquired into, it is absolutely necessary to understand the merits of the case which was inquired into and adjudicated upon at Mhow in 1862; and I believe I shall be discharging a useful public duty if I endeavour to draw up a more complete and intelligible narrative of that complicated and painful affair than can be collected from the proceedings of the court as published by order of the House of Commons.

On the 25th of April, 1861, about 9.30 A.M., Lieutenant-Colonel T. R. Crawley, an officer who had recently exchanged from the 15th Hussars into the 6th Dragoons, arrived at Ahmednugger, in the Deccan, where his new regiment then lay. Colonel Crawley had had a hot and fatiguing night journey from Poona, and was, as was natural, ready for his breakfast, which he directed his servant to order from the regimental mess. But when the food was prepared, a momentary difficulty arose. The colonel had no travelling canteen, and the quarters at which he had alighted were unprovided with plate and crockery. His servant, however, soon borrowed the necessary articles from the house of a married officer who lived hard by, and by 11 A.M., exactly an hour and a half after he had driven into the cantonment, the hungry and tired traveller and his party sat down to as comfortable a meal as men could desire. But the new commanding officer of the 6th Dragoons was not satisfied.

He considered that a vexatious delay had occurred in providing him with refreshment, and moodily decided in his own mind that it must have been intentionally caused by the insubordinate malice of the president of the mess.

This trumpery anecdote, which is extracted from Colonel Crawley's reply to Captain Smales' defence before the court at Mhow, was actually cited by the former as the first of a long series of deliberate insults which the colonel stated himself to have received at the hands of the officers of the 6th Dragoons, to almost all of whom he was an entire stranger when he joined, and who consequently could have had—at that time at least—no conceivable motive for the strange perversity of which they were thus accused by their angry commanding officer. Colonel Crawley adduced no evidence of any kind before the court-martial to prove that any delay in ministering to his appetite on the occasion of his first breakfast at Mhow had really occurred; still less did he attempt to show that he had any reasonable grounds for attributing such delay, if it did occur, to the president of the mess; indeed he deferred telling the story at all to anybody until a year after its alleged occurrence; and when he did tell it, he told it in his reply, when he well knew that the party inculpated by it could not defend himself against the absurd imputation.

On the evening of the day on which this curious misunderstanding took place, a general meeting of the officers of the 6th Dragoons was convened at their new colonel's quarters, when Colonel Crawley, passing over in silence the slight which he supposed himself to have received, shook hands with them all, and explained to them that he meant to be very particular in all matters connected with the duties of the regiment; but that "off parade" it would be his wish to meet them and treat them "as officers and gentlemen."

Not many days elapsed, however, before Colonel Crawley discovered, by his own account, that the very great majority of his new comrades were neither officers nor gentlemen; and that in exchanging from the 15th Hussars into the 6th Dragoons he had fallen into a hornets', or, rather, into a drones', nest. With the *morale* of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Inniskillings he admitted that he had no fault to find; they were generally on good terms with each other, their conduct was excellent, and a very small amount of crime was recorded against them; they were well set up, too, and admirable on foot-parade; but as to the riding of the regiment, its internal economy, the condition of its horses, and the behaviour and temper of its commissioned officers, Colonel Crawley protested to the court at Mhow that "it was quite another story."

The commissioned officers of the 6th Dragoons Colonel Crawley represented as having been long "in a state of chronic insubordination;" he could find amongst them no single gentleman of standing position and education with whom he could take counsel in the overwhelming difficulties which soon beset him; the regimental adjutant was disgracefully

incompetent, and an organized system of resistance to authority was in existence, which "almost terrified" the late colonel of the 15th Hussars.

This fearful state of things Colonel Crawley attributed to the weakness and incapacity of his predecessor in command, Colonel Shute, an officer of very high character, who was subsequently selected by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge to reorganize the 4th Dragoon Guards, after the Bentinck-Robertson difficulty. Colonel Crawley readily admitted that Colonel Shute's rule over the non-commissioned officers and men of the 6th Dragoons might have been "good and beneficent;" but he did not hesitate to express his conviction that Colonel Shute had been quite unequal to deal with "the turbulent spirits" by whom his regiment was officered, and that he (Col. C.) was the first commanding officer they had met with "who would not submit to their dictation, or bend his neck to their sway."

Colonel Crawley's painful convictions as to the professional shortcomings of his insubordinates were speedily made known to them by numerous General Orders of unusual vigour which he felt it his duty to issue. He informed them that neither the officers nor men of the regiment knew how to ride; that the captains of troops looked much more sharply after their perquisites than after the efficiency of their horses and men;* and he reproached them in language to which they had hitherto been unaccustomed with their slovenly and unsoldierlike ways, and with the parsimony and indifference they displayed in the performance of their various duties.

Demoralized as was the official condition of the Inniskillings when Colonel Crawley assumed the command of that corps, its social state, according to the same authority, was, if possible, worse. Its officers were incessantly engaged in discreditable squabbles with each other; their language was habitually violent and low; and a "moral and social" difficulty, which baffled all Colonel Crawley's calm and judicious efforts at arrangement, soon deprived him of the support of the married members of the mess, and laid the foundation of the ill-feeling between himself and his paymaster, which ended, as will be seen, in the professional ruin of Captain Smales.

The nature of this "moral and social" difficulty has been entirely kept out of sight by the president and members of the court-martial at Mhow. It is, however, absolutely necessary, in order to understand the merits of the story which the Blue Book professes to relate, that it should be distinctly indicated; and I will do no more than indicate it, referring those who may be anxious for further particulars to the Proceedings of the Court of Divorce in May, 1858. When the 6th Dragoons proceeded to India in that year, several changes occurred amongst its officers, and about a year before Colonel Crawley took command of it, a captain and

* The Regimental State of the 6th Dragoons, on the 1st of March, 1861, showed only 13 sick and lame horses out of between 600 and 700.

his wife exchanged into the regiment from the — Light Dragoons, and were cordially received into its society. But, shortly afterwards, it came to be known that the lady was a *divorcée*, and that her former marriage had been dissolved, according to Lord Campbell, by whom the operation had been performed, "under circumstances of peculiar profligacy." This painful disclosure created, as may be supposed, considerable scandal amongst the small European society of the station, and all the married officers of the Inniskillings, with the exception of Colonel Crawley, declined to concede any longer to the lady the local rank which she had hitherto enjoyed amongst their wives and daughters as an honest woman.

Colonel Crawley, it would seem, espoused the divorced lady's cause with considerable warmth, urging upon his married officers that they ought to allow "by-gones to be by-gones;" and endeavouring to enforce the liberal doctrine that as long as a male or female Inniskillinger conducted himself or herself with propriety after joining the regiment, no member of the corps was entitled to inquire into any peccadillos of which the party might have been previously guilty elsewhere. He even went so far as to express to his officers his opinion, that if a certain official tin box, containing old regimental papers, which Colonel Crawley, with delicate irony, called "Colonel Shute's legacy," was examined, there were very few of them whose characters would stand the scrutiny. And, finally, Colonel Crawley issued a formal memorandum, in which he peremptorily ordered "that the harmony and good feeling which should always exist between officers of the same corps, should not be jeopardized by any further allusion to this moral and social difficulty by any officer under his command" (p. 53).

The two individuals who seem to have resisted most firmly Colonel Crawley's liberality on the subject of the Seventh Commandment were, as might have been expected, the two senior married officers of his regiment, Surgeon Turnbull and Paymaster Smales. From the date of the memorandum which has just been quoted, all friendly intimacy between these two gentlemen and their commanding officer ceased; constant squabbles between the parties are indicated throughout the evidence recorded in the Blue Book; and very grave complaints against Messrs. Smales and Turnbull, on apparently very trivial grounds, appear to have been forwarded from time to time to the superior authorities with varying results. On one occasion, we read that Mr. Turnbull received a reprimand from Sir William Mansfield, the Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, for "not having compassed the sanitary wants of his corps in harmony with his commanding officer;" on another, that a Court of Inquiry was held, by request of Colonel Crawley, on Paymaster Smales, the proceedings of which are not given; but from Captain Smales' ungratified anxiety that they should be laid before the tribunal by which he was cashiered, it is probable that the result was not entirely advantageous to Colonel Crawley and his friends.

At last, Captain Smales, tormented beyond endurance by the vigilant persecution of his commanding officer and his commanding officer's party in the regiment—for by that time the Inniskillings were divided into Crawleyites and anti-Crawleyites, the former being led by the married captain, whose case had occasioned the "moral and social" difficulty by which the regiment was agitated—addressed an official letter to his colonel, describing the various annoyances to which he conceived himself to be unjustly exposed, and requesting that the document might be forwarded to the superior authorities for their consideration.

Had the Paymaster of the 6th Dragoons done no more than this, he might possibly not have done himself much harm, although, in the military profession, kicking against the pricks is a very dangerous experiment, under the most favourable circumstances. But he, unfortunately, did do more. The system of persecution, of which he complained, was of the following nature. His daily proceedings were closely scrutinized, and his careless conversation was privily taken down in writing by his colonel's agents in the regiment; and whenever he was caught tripping in the slightest degree, as grave charges were immediately framed against him as if he had been guilty of deliberate and serious infractions of the Articles of War. In order the better to explain the nature of his grievance, Captain Smales had imprudently reminded Colonel Crawley, in his letter, that he, too, was often in the habit of infringing the Articles of War in small matters; that he was often absent from muster-parades, at which he, nevertheless, returned himself as present; that he habitually used towards his subordinates harsh and unusual terms of reproach; and that he had even been so incautious as to intimate to several of his officers, when arranging differences amongst them, his regret that the days were gone by, when such matters were settled "in quite another way," with less trouble to commanding officers, and more trouble to coroners. "Were I to act in such a manner," asked Captain Smales, "what would my position be, looking at your recent and continued proceedings against me?"

Although the paymaster's letter was couched in terms of the most studied respect, there can be no doubt that the tendency of these remarks was insubordinate; and insubordination is a military offence which ought never to be overlooked. But there are such things as extenuating circumstances; and there is an amount of provocation which exceeds the bounds of human patience, and beyond which officers and gentlemen cannot be expected to endure, even though utter ruin should be the certain consequence of resistance or retort. A single hot word, a single menacing gesture towards a superior, even under the most wanton and gross insults, is insubordination, and the Articles of War, rigidly interpreted, punish that crime by professional ruin, and even by death.

And there is no doubt that this rule—as a general rule—is wise and necessary, and that it ought to be carried out as far as it reasonably may; but it is overtaxing human nature to an extravagant degree to attempt to

carry it out in all cases to the letter. That Captain Smales deserved a reprimand for his insubordinate observations on the looseness and asperity of his colonel's official habits, cannot be denied; it is absurd, however, to suppose that an error, committed under such gross provocation as that which Captain Smales had received from Colonel Crawley and his friends, was appropriately punished by a sentence which must entail upon him social as well as professional ruin.

On the receipt of Captain Smales's letter, Colonel Crawley seems to have been much perplexed. He pondered over it for three weeks, during which interval Lieutenant-Colonel Prior, his second in command, endeavoured unsuccessfully to induce Captain Smales to withdraw his complaints. Colonel Crawley affirms that he never authorized Colonel Prior to act thus; and, if so, it is difficult to account for the improper delay which took place in the transmission of the document. At last, after he had ascertained that Colonel Prior's good offices had failed, Colonel Crawley handed the letter to General Farrell, an old and infirm Indian officer, commanding at Mhow, and by General Farrell it was forwarded to Sir William Mansfield, at Bombay.

Had the customary routine of the service been adhered to on this occasion, a court of inquiry would have been at once appointed to ascertain whether, *prima facie*, sufficient grounds existed for the paymaster's complaints. If the court of inquiry had decided that such grounds did exist, a court-martial would have been ordered on Colonel Crawley, and Captain Smales would have been called upon to prove the charges which his letter implied. If, on the contrary, the court of inquiry had decided against Captain Smales, that officer would himself have been liable to be brought to trial for having frivolously, vexatiously, or falsely accused his commanding officer. It was of vital importance to Captain Smales that the court of inquiry, usual in such cases, should sit, in order that he might lay his grievances before that tribunal, and adduce whatever evidence he could command to support them.

For reasons which have not yet been made public, Sir William Mansfield thought fit to pass by Captain Smales' complaints, without, as far as I can discover, hearing any explanation save that privately supplied to him by Colonel Crawley; and, without appointing any court of inquiry, he ordered that Captain Smales should himself be tried by a court-martial on three charges, which imputed to him insubordination in having made certain false and malicious accusations against his commanding officer; and at this court-martial Sir William ordered that Colonel Crawley should prosecute. By such an unexpected arrangement, Captain Smales was obviously placed at a very great disadvantage. He was deprived of the power of stating and proving his grievances against Colonel Crawley, whilst, on the other hand, Colonel Crawley, though prosecutor, was in a position to offer himself as a witness, and to state on oath to the court his own version of what had occurred between himself and his paymaster.

That Captain Smales' letter was insubordinate there could be no doubt, and had he been tried on that single charge, he must necessarily have been convicted. But he was not tried on that charge for an obvious reason. A statement may be insubordinate, yet perfectly true. But a colonel of a regiment could hardly hope to retain his position and influence, if he brought one of his officers to trial for having made imputations against himself, of which he tacitly admitted the truth. Captain Smales was therefore tried for insubordination in having made certain false and malicious statements. The only real issue into which the court had to inquire was a very narrow one. It resolved itself simply into whether, on two specified occasions—the 1st of May, 1861, and the 1st of January, 1862—Colonel Crawley had or had not been present at the muster-parades of his regiment. That the other charges against Captain Smales were utterly frivolous and vexatious a very few words will show. Reference to the evidence given by Colonel Crawley's own witnesses as to his remarks on the subject of duelling, proves that they were such as, without any evil intent, might have been fairly understood as Captain Smales and his witnesses swore that they had understood them. That Colonel Crawley did not seriously intend to suggest to his officers a revival of the practice of single combat, is more than probable; but that he spoke loosely and incautiously on the subject, especially when addressing a number of excited young men, whom he himself has described as "turbulent spirits," is perfectly clear from his own admissions before the court.* With respect to his habitual use of harsh and unusual terms of reproach towards those over whom he was placed in command, I need offer no conclusions of my own. The Mhow Court-martial decided that it was "false and malicious" in Captain Smales to have asserted that Colonel Crawley did so; but it will be seen from the "Remarks" of Sir Hugh Rose, that even the Commander-in-Chief in India declined to ratify their verdict on that point; and when the evidence was submitted to the Commander-in-Chief at home, his Royal Highness at once recorded his dissent from the finding of the court-martial, commented with severity on the unmeasured language which Colonel Crawley had been proved to have used towards his officers, and expressed "his hope that, in future, Colonel Crawley would be able to carry on discipline without outraging the feelings of the gentlemen under his command."

But seven witnesses were called by Colonel Crawley to prove his presence on parade. The highest in rank of these was the captain whose wife

* I remarked that when I first entered the service, quarrels were settled in a very different way than by appealing to the commanding officer. I informed the disputants that in those days officers settled matters between themselves when they quarrelled. I said I was almost tempted to wish that those days were still in existence. . . . Such was the substance of my remarks to my officers. I have no recollection of having made use of the word duelling, though doubtless my remarks pointed that way.—*Colonel Crawley's Evidence*, pp. 7-8.

had occasioned the "social and moral difficulty" which has been already described; the next was a lieutenant, who had been promoted from the ranks of the 11th Hussars, and had, under Colonel Crawley's predecessor, been an unsuccessful candidate for the adjutancy and the quartermaster-ship of the regiment. The third was a veterinary surgeon in the Indian service, temporarily attached to the Inniskillings, who, by Colonel Crawley's own showing, had been engaged in several squabbles with its officers; the fourth was a lieutenant named Bennett, to whose evidence reference will presently be made. Then came two sergeants, men of doubtful character, as the regimental records will show, and a private dragoon. Colonel Crawley assured the court that, had he thought fit, he could have produced sixty or seventy other witnesses to establish his case; and, considering the antecedents of those whom he did produce, it does seem extraordinary that he did not make a larger or better selection. His witnesses, however, such as they were, pulled well together, and swore stoutly that, on the occasions in question, they had seen their colonel on parade.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the weight of evidence, both as to character and numbers, was enormously on the side of the defendant. The major of the 6th Dragoons, two of its captains, its adjutant, its riding-master, two of its lieutenants, its regimental sergeant-major, four of its sergeant-majors, and its paymaster-sergeant, all swore positively that, being themselves present, they had not seen Colonel Crawley at the muster-parades of May, 1861, and January, 1862. As a general rule, the positive evidence of a witness who has seen a circumstance occur ought to outweigh the negative evidence of many witnesses who, having themselves been present at the time, can only swear that they did not see it happen; but such a rule cannot be held to apply to the presence of a commanding officer on parade, who must necessarily occupy such an important and prominent position in the mind of every actor present, as to render negative evidence in such a case as convincing as positive evidence. Moreover, Colonel Crawley swore that at the muster-parade of the 1st of May, 1861, he had spoken to the mustering officer, who had asked his permission, as commanding officer, to commence the muster; whilst the mustering officer swore, not only that he had not seen Colonel Crawley till the muster was concluded, but that he had obtained leave to begin, and had reported the conclusion of the muster to the senior captain of the regiment, who had commanded on the occasion. And the senior captain of the regiment corroborated on oath the mustering officer's evidence on all points.

The two witnesses whose evidence was most damaging to Colonel Crawley were the regimental sergeant-major, Lilley, and the adjutant, Fitzsimon. Military men will readily understand that to suppose that the commanding officer of a regiment could be present on two occasions at muster parade without the cognizance of those functionaries, would overtask the credulity of any court-martial—unless very cogent reasons indeed

could be assigned for their ignorance. Colonel Crawley appears to have felt this, and to have resorted to extreme measures in order to neutralize their evidence. The adjutant's claims to credibility he disposed of by asserting, in his reply, that that officer "was known to be so blind as to be unable to ascertain the identity of any individual at a distance of five yards." The evidence of the regimental sergeant-major he set aside by a still stronger course of procedure. Whilst the court-martial was sitting, but before Lilley had been examined, Colonel Crawley suddenly placed him and two other sergeant-majors of the regiment, who had been subpoenaed as witnesses for the defence, in close arrest, declaring that he had evidence to prove that they were engaged in a conspiracy against him. And when they subsequently deposed before the court to their colonel's absence from the parades of May, 1861, and January, 1862, Colonel Crawley merely replied that "they had been guilty of conspiracy against him," and were therefore unworthy to be believed on their oaths.

The president and members of the court-martial seem to have seen no objection to the unusual manner in which Colonel Crawley conducted his case, and after having heard the prisoner's defence, they at once found him guilty on all three charges, and sentenced him to be cashiered.

To impute to officers and gentlemen such as those who constituted the court-martial at Mhow, deliberate partiality and injustice, is a serious step, not to be lightly adventured upon. I will therefore content myself with recapitulating a very few of the grounds upon which it appears to me that such charges might reasonably be advanced against Colonel Payn and his colleagues, unless good reasons, which I have yet to hear, can be assigned in explanation of their conduct. And having done this, I will leave my readers to convict or absolve them according to the usually received rules of right and wrong.

1. It is to be gathered from the Mhow Blue Book, that every impediment which the power of the commanding officer of the 6th Dragoons could throw in the way of the prisoner in preparing his defence was opposed to him—that not only were his most important witnesses coerced and imprisoned on unfounded charges, but that orders were actually issued forbidding the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the regiment from holding intercourse with Captain Smales, thereby preventing the prisoner from communicating freely with the witnesses by whom alone his innocence could be established. And it further appears that when he appealed to the court to protect his witnesses and himself the court coldly declined to interfere.

2. When Lieutenant Bennett, a witness for the prosecution, was sworn, he deposed positively to the prosecutor's presence at the muster-parade of the 1st May, 1862. He stated that on that occasion Colonel Crawley had spoken to him, and circumstantially described the nature of the remark which he had made, the calling of the roll, and the parading of the officers' chargers. Lieutenant Bennett's evidence, if true, was conclusive. The court-martial, if they believed it, had no choice but to convict the

prisoner as a malicious liar. But as soon as Bennett withdrew, written documents signed by that witness himself were referred to, which proved that at the very time at which he had represented himself as present at the muster-parade, chatting with his colonel about the length of the hair on the horses' legs, he had been engaged several miles away on a duty which rendered his alleged presence at the muster-parade impossible. Lieutenant Bennett, on being confronted with his own handwriting, was obliged to confess that the evidence which he had given was false; and to explain that he must have mistaken a watering-parade held on the 30th of April, at which no roll was called, no officers' chargers paraded, and at which Colonel Crawley did not claim to have been present, for the muster-parade of the 1st of May. He begged to be allowed to withdraw the whole of the evidence which he had given—and did so.

In acting thus, it is clear that Lieutenant Bennett was guilty either of wilful perjury or of perjury through carelessness. In either case, his conduct was equally damaging to the prisoner; in either case it called for the serious censure of the court. The Mhow Court-martial, however, passed no censure of any kind upon him, and eventually dismissed him with the comforting assurance that they were satisfied that he had merely committed the venial error of mistaking a watering-parade in April for a muster-parade in May. More than this. When Captain Smales, in his defence, took that strong and serious view of Colonel Crawley's extraordinary proceedings, and of Lieutenant Bennett's wilful or careless perjury, which a prisoner struggling for his private character and his future professional position was unquestionably entitled to take, the court actually thought it just and decent to reprimand him in the following terms:—

"We cannot receive your address without expressing our opinion that you have indulged in the most unwarrantable and offensive recriminations on the prosecutor, and the most unjustifiable reflections on a number of the prosecutor's witnesses; and we would remark more especially on your impeachment of the truthfulness and honour of Lieutenant Bennett, whose explanation has been already pronounced, and is still considered by the court as perfectly satisfactory."*

The protection thus extended by the members of the Mhow Court-martial to Colonel Crawley and his witnesses is rendered all the more remarkable by the fact that they declined to extend any sort of protection at all to the numerous witnesses who came forward, in spite of the cruel

* The court-martial even went so far as to pass a special censure upon the captain of the troop to which Lieutenant Bennett belonged, for "not having made his subaltern aware that he had been on a committee at the time he supposed himself to have been on the muster-parade, of which fact he was fully cognizant, previous to Lieutenant Bennett's appearance in court"—although his captain had stated on oath that he himself had not been aware of the fact at the time that Lieutenant Bennett had spoken to him on the subject, and there was no evidence to the contrary before the court.—(pp. 46-7.)

obstacles thrown in their way by the prosecutor, to establish the defence. Colonel Crawley was permitted by the court to impute wilful perjury to almost all of them; to sneer at "the stolid ignorance" of one officer, and to denounce the "vile motives" of others; and thus to apostrophize in his reply the gentleman who then was, and who still is, the major of the Inniskilling Dragoons:—

"I have proved from your own lips that you never forgive; that you are of a sordid and malignant disposition; that you are insubordinate, insolent, and defiant to those placed in authority over you; that you are tyrannical and abusive to those under you; that you are arrogant and intolerant amongst your associates," &c. &c.—(p. 165).

3. The crime which Colonel Crawley declared himself determined to substantiate at some future time against Sergeant-major Lilley and his two comrades, and of which he succeeded in persuading the court-martial to consider them guilty by anticipation, being based on the fact that they had read a portion of the proceedings of the court after the president had forbidden their publication, the prisoner asked one of Colonel Crawley's witnesses, in cross-examination, whether the prosecutor also had not read to his own witnesses the proceedings of the court, after their publication had been forbidden by Lieutenant-colonel Payn.

The court immediately interposed, and ruled that the question was an improper one, and must be withdrawn. But when the prosecutor subsequently put a question of precisely the same nature to Lilley and Wakefield, two of the prisoner's witnesses, the court raised no objection whatever, and the question was answered.

The sensation which this exorbitant display of partiality occasioned—even at Mhow—seems to have brought the members of the court-martial for a moment to their senses; for the Blue Book tells us that they ordered the prosecutor's witness to be recalled, and directed him to answer, on the 9th of May, the very question which, on the 3rd of May, they had decided to be an improper question. And the reply which it received at once betrayed the reason why the prosecutor's friends in the court had objected to it in the first instance. It turned out that Colonel Crawley had himself been guilty of the very crime—if crime it was—for which he was so cruelly persecuting the prisoner's witnesses; and that he had actually read to his own witnesses in private the very proceedings of which the president of the court had forbidden the publication.—(pp. 83, 84.)

4. When Lilley and his comrades were brought up in arrest to give their evidence, it became all-important to the prisoner to prove to the members of the court that they were—what everybody who knew them, knew them to be—honest men and good soldiers—worthy of all belief; although undergoing persecution and imprisonment at the hands of their commanding officer for ends of his own. Captain Smales, therefore, asked them whether they were under arrest, and if so, with what crime they were charged. The court again came to the rescue of Colonel Crawley, and decided that this most proper and pertinent question could not be

put; and thus enabled the prosecutor to discredit and set aside the important evidence of these three men. Had they been allowed to reply, "We are indeed under close and cruel arrest, but we have never been charged with any crime," it is but reasonable to suppose that the verdict of the court would have been different from what it was.

The finding of the court-martial on Captain Smales was duly forwarded to the Commander-in-Chief in India, who at once confirmed its sentence. His Excellency made no comment upon the partial and illegal manner in which the trial had been conducted from first to last, on the pressure which had been put on the prisoner's witnesses, on their long and cruel imprisonment, or on the vindictive and defamatory language in which the prosecutor had been permitted to indulge towards every officer whose evidence had been unfavourable to him. None of these points, in Sir Hugh Rose's opinion, called for his displeasure, or even his notice. With the verdict, and with the extraordinary manner in which it had been obtained, he appeared entirely satisfied.

But towards the officers and gentlemen who had presumed to give what Sir Hugh Rose considered "insubordinate" evidence against their commanding officer, his Excellency bore himself in a very different spirit. He commenced a formal memorandum, which he promulgated, on the subject of the Mhow Court-martial, with the observation that "its proceedings furnished proof that both before and after Colonel Crawley's arrival there was discord between the officers of the regiment, neglect on the part of many of them, the two seniors included, of the simplest and most essential cavalry duties; impatience of reproof, however merited, unaccompanied by amendment; insubordination, which, under the influence of a baneful example, extended itself to some of the non-commissioned officers, and a caballing of one and the other against the head of the regiment."

Grave charges these, if supported by proof—weak and rash words when shown, as they presently were, to be entirely undeserved by those to whom they had been so inconsiderately applied. Had Sir Hugh Rose, in thus collectively condemning the former commanding officer of the 6th Dragoons, the system which he had established, and the officers whom he had trained, confined himself to disparaging generalities, the objects of his censure must perforce have borne the chastisement in silence. But, unluckily for Sir Hugh, he could not resist the temptation of condescending into particulars, and in a terribly prolix string of "Remarks," extending to no less than forty paragraphs, his Excellency showered broadcast over Colonel Shute, and over every witness who had not "supported" Colonel Crawley at the late trial, the incoherent vials of his wrath. And, in doing this, he unwittingly fell into a trap which had been ingeniously prepared for him by Colonel Crawley, in which that gentleman had already caught Lieutenant-Colonel Payn and the other members of the Mhow Court-martial.

In his reply to the prisoner's defence, Colonel Crawley had taken the

improper liberty of introducing a large amount of entirely fresh matter of the most damaging kind, no portion of which had been proved in evidence before the court. The members of the court either did not remark this, or were unconscious of the illegality of permitting a prosecutor and witness to make two statements to them—one on oath, the other not on oath.* They therefore allowed him to argue as freely and positively on this new matter as if it had been substantiated by the evidence which he himself and his other witnesses had given on oath. He raked together all the stale regimental squabbles which the old papers in "Colonel Shute's legacy" could suggest to him, and commented upon them as if they had been matters of recent and everyday occurrence in the regiment under his command; he described his adjutant as disqualified from giving credible evidence by reason of his notorious blindness; and his other officers, "with a few brilliant exceptions," as a gang of insubordinate conspirators, unworthy to be believed on their oaths; and the court actually listened to him in approving silence, and, to judge from their verdict, paid serious attention to his unsupported rodomontades. And Sir Hugh Rose, in subsequently framing his "Remarks," acted with even greater carelessness and credulity, for he not only assumed that everything which had been stated by Colonel Crawley in his reply had been proved by evidence taken on the trial, but he even commented with signal severity upon many points to which neither Colonel Crawley nor any of his witnesses had ventured publicly to allude, and with which his Excellency must have consequently been made acquainted by information privately imparted to him since the trial. It is true that these imputations were altogether irrelevant to the issue which had been tried; but they were made by the Commander-in-Chief in India the grounds of public and severe censure upon individuals who had been afforded no opportunity of explanation or defence, and if they are false, neither the anonymous informant who communicated them to the Commander-in-Chief, nor that high official who inconsiderately endorsed and acted upon them, ought to escape the censure of the authorities at home. And if it should turn out on further inquiry that the confirming officer and the prosecutor were in collusion with each other, and that Sir Hugh Rose permitted Colonel Crawley to strengthen his case against Captain Smales by *ex parte* statements privily made to his Excellency, to the prejudice of the prisoner and his witnesses, it would be difficult to select words sufficiently energetic and incisive to stigmatize as it would deserve such a perversion of justice and such a prostitution of power. Sir Hugh Rose dealt out in his "Remarks" grave official damnation on officers and gentlemen who at the time held, and who still hold, her Majesty's commission, solely in consequence of the vague and spiteful gossip with which Colonel Crawley

* And where a party fills the double character of witness and prosecutor, and conducts the prosecution in person, there is the high authority of Lord Chief Justice Campbell for the proposition that he cannot make two statements to the court—one on oath, and the other not on oath.—*Law Times*, May 11, 1850.

had thought it effective to season his reply ; he endorsed Colonel Crawley's unsupported assertions that at the time the 6th Dragoons passed into that officer's hands from those of Colonel Shute, that distinguished regiment was little better than a slovenly band of insubordinate *fainéants* ; forgetting altogether that but a few months before its command devolved upon Colonel Crawley, both he himself and Sir William Mansfield had inspected the regiment on three several occasions, and had on each recorded their high sense of its discipline and efficiency. On one of these occasions Sir Hugh had complimented Colonel Shute "on the military spirit which he had infused into his officers, and on the pride which they evidently took in their fine regiment." On another, his Excellency had dwelt especially "on the admirable condition of the horses of the 6th Dragoons," which, he logically argued, "proved that the greatest care must have been paid on that essential point by both officers and men." Nay, at the very moment when the Commander-in-Chief in India, for the better support of Colonel Crawley, was sententiously informing the officers of the 6th Dragoons that "care of their horses was the first duty of cavalry," and was publicly reprimanding them for their negligence and indifference in that respect, a report was lying on his Excellency's table—its ink scarcely dry—from Colonel Apperley, an officer selected by the Government to examine into the stable economy of the British cavalry in India ; and in that report, which is dated May 1, 1862, the matchless condition and soundness of the horses of the 6th Dragoons, and the general efficiency of the corps, are held up by Colonel Apperley as an example to the rest of the army.

It is painful to have to deal thus with an officer of Sir Hugh Rose's proved gallantry and high position ; but in pleading the cause of the weak against the strong, there is no reason why any particular forbearance should be exercised towards one, who, to judge from the tone and temper of his "Remarks," is not himself in the habit of using much forbearance towards others. Time and space prevent me from going through his Excellency's voluminous "Remarks" paragraph by paragraph, which I could very easily do, showing from recorded official testimony how careless and unjust they are. One more specimen, however, of Sir Hugh's reckless inconsistency I must give, before I proceed with my story.

Early in 1861, just about the time when Colonel Shute had determined to hand over his insubordinate and slovenly corps to the regenerating hands of Colonel Crawley, he received several official communications from the Military Secretary of the Commander-in-Chief in India. From the spirit of Sir Hugh Rose's "Remarks," it will be anticipated that these communications must have partaken of the nature of reproofs, on account of the unsuccessful and unsatisfactory manner in which the commanding officer of the 6th Dragoons had discharged the duties which he was about to relinquish. Not so. They were of the most agreeable and flattering nature that could be addressed to a cavalry officer of Colonel Shute's rank. They expressed Sir Hugh's high opinion of his professional

capacity and conduct; they besought him, for the good of the service, to remain in India; they urged him to accept at Sir Hugh's hands the responsible post of Inspector-General of Cavalry; and promised, if he would forego his intention of returning to England, and would listen to Sir Hugh's proposal, that no exertion should be omitted on his Excellency's part to induce H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge to ratify the proposed appointment. And this invitation was actually addressed by the exalted author of the "Remarks on the Mhow Court-Martial" to the incompetent individual who had so signally failed to tame "the turbulent spirits" of the 6th Dragoons—to the military bungler, who was preparing to foist upon his unlucky successor a mob of bad riders, and lame and neglected cattle, officered by a gang of lazy, untruthful and quarrelsome conspirators.

It was not to be expected that the gentlemen whose professional and private character had been thus gravely impugned by Colonel Crawley, and who had been thus publicly reprimanded by Sir Hugh Rose, should accept censures so severe in resigned silence; especially when they felt that they did not deserve them, and that their complete justification was easy. No great time elapsed, therefore, before H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was enabled by their explanations to draw up and publish his memorandum of the 18th December, 1862, in which full justice was done to the reputation of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and to the officers who had preceded Colonel Crawley in the command of that corps. His Royal Highness, while recording his opinion that Captain Smales had undoubtedly been guilty of insubordinate conduct, expressed his entire disbelief of the many calumnies in which Colonel Crawley had indulged against the regiment under his charge. His Royal Highness declared that he had before him convincing proofs that when Colonel Crawley took over the 6th Dragoons from Colonel Shute, that regiment was in the highest state of discipline and efficiency; he added that if it had since become disorganized, the blame must rest with Colonel Crawley alone; and he stated that there was not "a shadow of foundation" for the charge of conspiracy, by means of which Colonel Crawley had managed to neutralize before the court-martial evidence which must otherwise have proved fatal to his case.

Nothing could be more complete and satisfactory than his Royal Highness's memorandum, as far as the past was concerned; but, unfortunately, nothing could well be weaker or less satisfactory than the conclusion at which it arrived as to the future. His Royal Highness decided that Colonel Crawley, the officer whose want of tact and temper had in a few months thoroughly disorganized one of the best regiments in the service—who had groundlessly defamed his predecessor in command—and who had imprisoned with unprecedented severity, on a charge for which there was not "a shadow of foundation," the best of his non-commissioned officers—should nevertheless retain his position "on trial" at the head of that unlucky corps.

Inadequate as this conclusion was, it is possible that the matter might have ended here; that Colonel Crawley might have mended his ways for awhile, and then have slipped quietly out of the service into private life, and been heard of no more, had not the deplorable incident with which Mr. Dudley Fortescue has made everybody familiar by his simple and pathetic statement in the House of Commons, deeply engraven the whole affair upon the public mind.

The details of this incident I will recapitulate briefly from Mr. Fortescue's speech, of which Lord Hartington has admitted the substantial accuracy:—

When Colonel Crawley, "acting on information given to him," discovered that the testimony of the leading non-commissioned officers of his regiment was likely to be adverse to his case, he seems to have felt the importance of neutralizing it somehow or other. And it was by no means easy to do so. They were all men of good character, and Regimental Sergeant-Major John Lilley, who had been at their head for seven years, has been certified by the two commanding officers under whom he had served before Colonel Crawley got the regiment, to have been a soldier of extraordinary merit during his whole career.* The evidence of such a witness would, in all probability, have been decisive of the disputed point of Colonel Crawley's presence on parade; it was, therefore, disposed of by the following process. A sergeant-major named Moreton, who had originally offered himself as a witness for the defence, was by some means or other induced to turn round and "inform on his comrades," and to declare to Colonel Crawley that John Lilley and two other sergeant-majors, named Wakefield and Duval, had read a portion of the prisoner's defence before it was delivered, and had made use of disrespectful language against their colonel in his hearing. Of the inducements by which this revelation was

* The friends of the late Sergeant-Major Lilley have obtained the following testimonials from Colonels White and Shute, who are described by the Commander-in-Chief in his memorandum of the 18th December, 1862, as "two distinguished officers in whom his Royal Highness has great confidence:—"

"I had the highest opinion of Sergeant-Major Lilley. I remember him joining as a recruit in 1843 or 44. He was then placed in my troop, and I think I recommended him for his first promotion. From the day I first saw him, till I left the Inniskillings in 1858, I can truly say that I never met a more sober, honest, and excellent soldier; and I had the satisfaction of promoting him to be regimental sergeant-major when I was in command of the regiment.

(Signed) "H. D. WHITE."

"I have very great pleasure in testifying to the very high opinion I have ever entertained of Regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley, late of the Inniskilling Dragoons. I knew him well during his whole service in the army. He was for a long time in my troop when I was a captain, and was regimental sergeant-major during the whole time I commanded the regiment. I considered him one of the most straightforward, truthful, and worthy men I ever knew, thoroughly sober and trustworthy, an excellent soldier, and respected by all who knew him.

(Signed) "C. SHUTE, Colonel 4th Dragoon Guards."

obtained from Moreton, or of the character which that informer bore in the regiment, I know nothing ; nor do I clearly understand the nature of the crime committed by the sergeant-majors in reading Captain Smales' defence. Neither can I believe that rough and hasty words spoken in confidence amongst friends and comrades, respecting such a commanding officer as his Royal Highness's memorandum shows Colonel Crawley to have been, can have been really held to constitute a military offence of a very serious nature, even supposing that the informer Moreton spoke the truth. I do know, however, that as soon as John Lilley died, the informer was rewarded by promotion to the post vacated by his death, which he still holds. "More precise information" was subsequently collected by Colonel Crawley from other sources ; and for the extraordinary latitude which the colonel allowed himself in concocting "precise information" to establish his case, I refer to Lieutenant Fitzsimon's evidence (p. 71). Lilley and his comrades were then brought separately to Colonel Crawley's private house, and were there interrogated by him in presence of two of the principal witnesses for the prosecution. Neither of the field officers of the regiment nor the adjutant was allowed to be present in order to see that the men had fair play ; and under such inquisitorial pressure they are stated by Colonel Crawley and his friends to have made "confessions."

On evidence thus illegally extorted, Colonel Crawley declared himself determined to bring, at some future time, charges of conspiracy against Lilley, Wakefield, and Duval. In the meantime, he prevailed on General Farrell to allow him to place the men in close arrest. This occurred on the 26th of April, 1862—the court-martial having commenced its proceedings on the 1st of that month. Two days afterwards, on the 28th, General Farrell wrote to Sir William Mansfield, the Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, informing him of the steps which had been taken by Colonel Crawley and himself, and forwarding the "confessions" and other evidence on which the prosecutor professed to be anxious to found charges of conspiracy against the three sergeant-majors. Sir William replied that no charge of any kind could possibly be established on such evidence ; but, at the same time, we are told by Lord Hartington, that he committed the unfortunate error of allowing the prisoners to be retained in close arrest until the court-martial should be concluded. The court had then sat twenty-two days. The issue was one which any civil court would have readily disposed of in a few hours ; and Sir William has since explained that he did not anticipate that the illegal order which he gave could have possibly prolonged the imprisonment of the men many days or even hours, and that he had no conception of the "penal nature" of the confinement to which they would be subjected.

Circumstances, however, arising from the intolerably tedious nature of the proceedings of courts-martial in the British service, protracted the trial from the 1st of April to the 7th of June. Wakefield and Duval were then discharged, after forty days of solitary confinement. Lilley had, in

the meantime, died in arrest. And no wonder. The Indian summer was at its height, a season during which European constitutions can ill support the suffocating heat, even when surrounded by all the luxuries and comforts which wealth, liberty, and leisure can contribute towards its alleviation. During that terrible time, John Lilley had been kept by Colonel Crawley a close prisoner in his quarters, under circumstances of peculiar aggravation. He was a tall, stout, healthy man, 37 years of age, accustomed, in the daily discharge of his duty, to a life of unceasing activity. He had married in 1860 a young wife, and she had borne him two children—who had both died a few weeks before the trial of Captain Smales at Mhow. During his long arrest, Mrs. Lilley, herself in the last stage of consumption, shared his imprisonment. They were lodged in a single room, rather less than fifteen feet square, which had originally been a stable. Here Lilley and his wife languished for upwards of a month, the husband tending the dying woman. A sentry placed outside the open archway which served as an entrance to the stable, was ordered to allow of no communication from without. One day the wife of a sergeant named Gibson stopped at the door of Mrs. Lilley's prison, gave her a few flowers, and spoke to her a few words of pity and consolation. Colonel Crawley heard of this, and orders were immediately issued, that the sentry, who up to that time had been stationed outside the room, should thenceforward be posted within it, so that he might constantly keep John Lilley, and, consequently, his wife—who was afflicted with chronic diarrhoea—under his eyes, by night as well as by day. In that fearful atmosphere—for many days and nights, in the presence of a succession of strange men, unceasingly pacing up and down the centre of the small foul chamber—every function of nature had to be performed by the wretched invalid. It is quite true that the poor young creature might readily have avoided all this misery and shame had she chosen to do so. She might have caused herself to be removed to the regimental hospital, where she would have been decently waited upon by persons of her own sex, properly lodged, and tenderly treated. But she was a wife and a mother; she had just lost both her children; she knew, moreover, that she herself was not long for this world, and that if she allowed herself to be separated from her husband in his adversity, she should, in all probability, never see him again. Wives and mothers will, therefore, readily understand how it came to pass that Clarissa Lilley clung to the father of her dead little ones, and patiently elected to endure even the terrible indignities I have described, in order to secure to herself the melancholy consolation of dying in his arms.

It is mortifying to have to record that the members of the Mhow Court-martial might have prevented the infliction of much of this misery, and might probably have saved John Lilley's life, had they thought it worth their while to interfere.

When Lilley, in reply to a question put to him by the prisoner, described to Lieutenant-Colonel Payn and his colleagues his cruel posi-

tion, saying, "A sentry is placed at my bedroom door, where my sick wife is now lying; the door is quite open; the sentry is posted but two feet from my bed," it might have been anticipated that some one out of those fifteen officers and gentlemen would have been moved to generous indignation and remonstrance by the pitiable plaint. But if the Mhow Blue Book is to be believed, the matter was passed over by the court as not calling for any particular notice on their part, and Lilley, having given his evidence, was marched back to his prison to rejoin his wife, and to die with her.

For three weeks more did these poor people linger on as best they might, and then the man died, and the woman was removed to the quarters of a friend, where, after a few days, she died too; and the whole family—husband, wife, and children—now lie buried in the churchyard at Mhow.

The following simple and tender letter, written by John Lilley's wife, the day before her own death, will afford some idea of the kindly and patient nature of the victims whose sad fate has been here described. It is difficult to conceive that the gentle sentiments which it breathes can have emanated from the wife of a dangerous and foul-mouthed conspirator:—

MY DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER,—

THIS is indeed a painful moment—a task I never expected to have to tell you. My beloved husband is no more. He died of apoplexy on the morning of the 25th of May. It was so sudden; he was tolerably well the day before. Dear sister, in mercy go to our father and mother, I cannot write to them. The blow will be too much for them. I am staying with Sergeant-Major Cotton and Mrs. Cotton. I was to have gone into hospital, but doctor says I shall not last long, so I don't think I shall be removed before anything happens. I cannot write any more; I cannot sit up. My best love. Your loving and affectionate sister,

Mhow, June 7.

CLARISSA LILLEY.

A complaint has recently been made that the British public has reserved all its sympathy for the Lilley family, and has abstained from any expression of regret at the severe domestic affliction to which Colonel Crawley alluded, when he complained to the court-martial at Mhow that "the upas-like shadow of Captain Smales had fallen on his threshold, and had converted his heretofore happy home into a scene of mourning and woe."—(p. 171.) It is perhaps as well, therefore, to explain that Colonel Crawley was bereaved of his mother-in-law whilst the Mhow Court-martial was sitting, and that he thus informed Colonel Payn and his colleagues that the unlucky paymaster of his regiment ought to be considered responsible for the melancholy event.

On the very day on which Clarissa Lilley was painfully penning her last farewell to her family and friends, Colonel Crawley was addressing the court-martial at Mhow in reply. His main object was to convince the court that the prisoner's witnesses had deliberately perjured themselves. Lilley had at that time been dead twelve days. The regimental surgeon had formally reported that he considered the man's death to have been

mainly caused by the mental and bodily sufferings consequent on his wife's illness and his own long imprisonment, and Sir William Mansfield had communicated to Colonel Crawley, more than a month before, his decision that there was no evidence which would afford a chance of convicting the sergeant-majors of conspiracy. All these important points appear to have been withheld from the knowledge of the court, for, in Colonel Crawley's reply, that officer stated that he had passed by the evidence of the three sergeant-majors as unworthy of notice, "because they had all three been guilty of conspiracy against him." And the members of the court-martial, ignorant, it is to be hoped, of the long and honourable career of the man who was thus defamed, of his spotless character, and of the circumstances under which he had just perished, seem to have listened with approving credulity to the groundless calumnies which the prosecutor thus found it expedient to heap on the dead soldier's memory.

It is but fair that Colonel Crawley should enjoy whatever advantage may accrue to him from the tardy explanation which he at last thought fit to volunteer respecting the manner in which the Lilleys had been treated whilst under arrest. Had he pleased he might have made this explanation on the 7th of May, when Lilley first complained of his wife's cruel position to the court, and when both the sergeant-major and the adjutant of the regiment were under his cross-examination. He preferred, however, to take no notice of it for a month; and on the 7th of June, the last day on which the court sat, he observed, in his reply, that "close arrest necessarily implies a sentry over a prisoner, but it does not necessitate his being placed over a prisoner's wife and family." "I can assure the court," said Colonel Crawley, "that no person could be more shocked than I was, when I learnt from the evidence of Sergeant-Major Lilley that his wife had been incommoded or annoyed by the precaution taken for his safe custody. It was Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon's fault, if any such thing occurred; for it was his duty, as adjutant, to have seen the post assigned to the sentry, and to have taken care that no such improper interference with the privacy of the sergeant-major's wife could have taken place. As it was, the moment I became acquainted with the statement of Sergeant-Major Lilley, I sent off orders to have the sentry removed to a part where he could perform his duty equally well, without interfering with or annoying Mrs. Lilley."

Until Sir Hugh Rose's "Remarks" on the Mhow Court-martial were promulgated, the various officers, whose characters were affected by the unsupported statements which Colonel Crawley had introduced into his reply, had no means of knowing how far those statements had obtained credit with the higher authorities. When, however, Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon discovered that the Commander-in-Chief in India, without calling upon him for any explanation, had publicly reprimanded him on his colonel's mere assertion that he was the person responsible for the treatment to which the Lilleys had been subjected during their arrest,

he adopted the only legitimate course open to him in order to clear his character from the imputation. He drew up a letter, cautiously and respectfully worded, firmly denying the truth of the grave charge which Colonel Crawley had made against him, and which had drawn down upon him Sir Hugh Rose's public displeasure. He affirmed that in his dealings towards the late Sergeant-Major Lilley and his wife he had simply carried out the orders which he had received from his commanding officer; and he pointed out that these orders had been given in the presence of several witnesses, who could be referred to. He further explained, that there was not, and never had been, any foundation for the assertion that his eyesight was defective; and that three medical men, who had recently examined his eyes, had certified that his vision was in no way impaired.*

This letter, dated November 3, 1862, Lieutenant Fitzsimon requested the acting adjutant of the 6th Dragoons—for he himself had been suspended from the adjutancy—to forward through the proper channels to the Commander-in-Chief for his Excellency's information. No official notice of it was taken by Colonel Crawley for more than a fortnight. On the 17th of November, Lieutenant Fitzsimon was sent for to his colonel's house, where a letter was read to him by order of General Farrell, informing him that his statements were insubordinate, and that he ought to be thankful for being allowed an opportunity of withdrawing them. The letter concluded by desiring that Lieutenant Fitzsimon would decide on the spot whether he would withdraw them or not. Lieutenant Fitzsimon—intimidated, as well he might be, by the proceedings of the Mhow Court-martial and by the Commander-in-Chief's remarks thereupon—replied, that as General Farrell pronounced his statements to be insubordinate, he had no choice but to withdraw them; which he accordingly did in a second letter, dated November 19; specifying, however, in his second letter, the reason which had induced him to withdraw the first. Upon the receipt of this second letter, Colonel Crawley again sent for Lieutenant Fitzsimon, and read to him a portion of a private letter from the Assistant Adjutant-General at Mhow, conveying General Farrell's desire that the second letter should be withdrawn, and a third letter written, in which the reason which had induced Lieutenant Fitzsimon to withdraw the first letter should be omitted.

This was done, the third letter being dated November 21, 1862; and immediately afterwards Lieutenant Fitzsimon placed his powers of eyesight beyond dispute, by obtaining from the musketry instructor at Mhow a certificate as a first-class shot at 600 yards.

These details and these dates have been given, because it is desirable, if any means are in future to be conceded to inferior officers by which they

Dublin, August 10, 1862.

* I certify that I have carefully examined and tested Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon's (6th Dragoons) eyes, and find that he is not short-sighted, nor in any way affected with defective vision.

(Signed) W. R. WILDE, Surgeon Oculist in Ireland to Her Majesty.

may obtain redress for wrong done them by their superiors, that the correspondence to which I have adverted should be produced before the inquiry which is about to take place. General Farrell's own account of the transaction—read to the House of Commons by Colonel Barttelot—varies materially from the details given above. It denies that any letters were written by General Farrell's orders on the subject, and declares that that officer merely offered a friendly verbal recommendation to Lieutenant Fitzsimon to withdraw his letter of the 3rd November, because the general, oddly enough, considered it disrespectful—not to Colonel Crawley, whom it accused of deliberate falsehood on two points, but to Sir Hugh Rose.

The circumstances connected with the death of Sergeant-Major Lilley excited considerable notice both in India and in England, the more especially as that catastrophe was attributed by Sir Hugh Rose in his "Remarks" to the drunken habits of the deceased. A bill for twenty-four bottles of spirits had been sent in by a native dealer to Lilley's representatives after the sergeant-major's death, and a copy of it had been privately communicated to Sir Hugh Rose, who forthwith assumed that the whole of this liquor must have been consumed by the unhappy man during the period of his arrest, and reproved the surgeon of the regiment for having been ignorant of the fact, and for having erroneously attributed his death to grief and confinement. Had Sir Hugh taken the trouble to examine the bill, he would have seen that nine bottles out of the twenty-four had been supplied to Lilley before his arrest, and that two others had been charged to him after he had been struck down by apoplexy; had he made proper and reasonable inquiry before he branded the man as a suicidal drunkard in the face of his comrades and of the whole army, he would have learnt that the greater part, if not the whole, of the remainder had been administered to Mrs. Lilley by medical prescription—the poor woman having with difficulty been kept alive for many weeks by large doses of the strongest stimulants.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, in his memorandum of the 18th December, 1862, has done full justice to Lilley's character on this point, and it is to be hoped that a subject so painful to his friends will be allowed to rest. But if it be revived, it ought to be sifted to the bottom, no loose assertions ought to be permitted to tarnish the memory of that good and unfortunate soldier, and the character and evidence of any witness who may be produced on the subject ought to be tested by the most rigid inquiry and cross-examination; for, if Colonel Crawley is to be believed, tampering with witnesses is a practice not entirely unknown in the British army, and both officers and privates are occasionally susceptible of pressure, and accessible to temptation from high and influential quarters.

While Captain Smales was engaged in defending himself under extraordinary difficulties before the court-martial at Mhow, Colonel Crawley seized the embarrassing opportunity of instituting an inquiry into the paymaster's accounts. The majority, if not the whole, of the committee

selected by Colonel Crawley for this purpose, was composed of witnesses for the prosecution on the trial which was at the time pending; one of them being, of course, the husband of the lady who had originated the moral and social difficulty in the regiment, and who was, consequently, an avowed enemy of Captain Smales. The poor paymaster objected, as well he might, to the constitution of this committee, and appealed in vain to General Farrell against it. The result of the inquiry was, nevertheless, creditable to Captain Smales, whose testimonials of former good service, and whose appointment to the 6th Dragoons in 1858, prove, that until he was thrown in contact with Colonel Crawley, he had been looked upon favourably by the War-Office. And although a disposition appears to exist at the present moment to affix on Captain Smales the imputation of inaccuracy, or worse, in his accounts, certain it is that no open charge of the kind has been ventured against him by anybody, and that he is here in London, pertinaciously challenging inquiry, and failing to obtain it. If the late paymaster of the 6th Dragoons is a defaulter, he is a very singular one. He will not abscond, as defaulters in general are but too eager to do; he will not even enjoy his ill-gotten gains—if ill-gotten gains he has—in prudent silence. He is eternally hammering at the door of the War-Office, bothering the private secretaries, worrying Sir Edward Lugard, and writing vehement letters in the newspapers. The authorities at the War-Office are surely bound, in justice both to the public purse and to the unlucky paymaster himself, either to give him a clean bill of health and to admit that they have no claims against him, or to take him and his sureties into a court of law, and enforce whatever claims they really have. It is ungenerous thus to raise doubts as to his integrity as a paymaster, in order to prejudice the other points which are in dispute as to the treatment he has received at the hands of Colonel Crawley and the Mhow court-martial.

Mr. Smales' present position is curiously anomalous. The Mhow court-martial sentenced him to be cashiered on the 9th of June, 1862, and Sir Hugh Rose confirmed the sentence on the 11th of July. His appeal to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge failed, and, a year afterwards, on the 31st of May, 1863, Captain Smales was gazetted out of the 6th Dragoons and his successor appointed. But, on the 4th of the following June, the Deputy Judge Advocate wrote to Mr. Smales to inform him that "all the papers relative to his case had just been submitted to the Judge Advocate-General for his consideration;" an intimation which certainly savours of the sharp criminal practice formerly known in the North as "Jedburgh justice," by which prisoners used to be hanged first and tried afterwards. On the 29th of the same month, Lord Hartington informed the House of Commons that the Judge Advocate-General, having had all the papers connected with the case before him, had at last come to the astonishing conclusion that the sentence which had been passed on Mr. Smales was a legal sentence. It was to be supposed, therefore, that no more would be heard of that unfortunate gentleman. But in less than a month Mr. Smales' head appeared above water again, and the public learnt from a private source

that the Judge Advocate-General had obtained further information from India which had compelled him to reverse his previous decision, that Mr. Smales' sentence was, after all, illegal, and that he had consequently been pardoned. The paymaster's friends were, however, hardly allowed time to congratulate him on this unexpected turn in his affairs, before another letter from Sir Edward Lugard appeared, explaining to the perplexed paymaster that the pardon which he had received was an honorary and theoretical pardon as it were—for that it was only to date from the day after that on which the punishment to which he had been sentenced should have been fully carried out; and that he was to receive neither arrears of pay, nor half-pay, nor future employment, but was to remain for the rest of his life, thanks to the mercy of his Sovereign, a ruined, though pardoned, civilian.

The result of this blundering injustice will be that the Judge Advocate-General will elevate an obscure and not altogether blameless individual to the dignity of a martyred innocent, and that the War-Office and the public will hear a good deal more of Mr. Smales before they have done with him. Nor do the military authorities deserve much sympathy under the infliction which they are thus perversely drawing down upon themselves. It is manifestly unjust that a man should be punished for a crime of which he has been illegally convicted, under the pretence that he has probably committed a crime of quite a different nature which his opponents appear afraid to press against him; and it is as manifestly indecent that her Majesty's pardon should thus be ingeniously distorted by the law advisers of the Crown into an indirect instrument of punishment.

I cannot conclude this paper without earnestly calling the attention of those whom it may concern to the antiquated, cumbrous, and impotent machinery, by means of which the administration of justice is still attempted in the British service. Courts-martial are, to all intents and purposes, courts of law; they ought not to be swayed by any sentimental or conventional notions of honour or professional usage; and should be conducted strictly according to the established rules of British jurisprudence, save where the Mutiny Act has otherwise ordered. But no law reform has yet been permitted to penetrate within their narrow and obscure precincts. The wholesome rays of publicity illumine and ventilate their proceedings only on extreme occasions, such as that which is just now under consideration. The curative operation of legal criticism is never openly and fairly applied to them; and they continue in the present day to blunder and grope in the dark for their verdicts, precisely as they did one hundred years ago. An intolerable dilatoriness of proceeding, a tendency to diverge into irrelevant issues, an absence of all rapid and effective cross-examination, and a readiness to admit evidence which ought to be rejected, and to reject evidence which ought to be received, form but a few of the many deplorable characteristics which distinguish these feeble and unsatisfactory tribunals. The officers who serve

on them, and the officers whose duty it is, as acting judge-advocates, to direct them, are too often themselves completely ignorant of the laws of the land and of the rules of evidence, and are sadly prone to grasp at the conclusions towards which their professional instincts and prejudices point, without taking common care that their verdicts are borne out by the evidence which has been submitted to them. What a cynical French writer has asserted of the majority of his countrywomen, "*Qu'elles n'ont point de principes, elles se conduisent par le cœur,*" may with far more truth be said of most of our courts-martial, which constantly convict prisoners because they wish to convict them, and not because the charges upon which they have been arraigned have been legally proved. It is remarkable, too, that the habit of "hard swearing," a crime which in our civil courts bears the uglier name of perjury, does not draw down from British courts-martial upon the officers and gentlemen who indulge in it the same stern meed of censure and punishment which is invariably awarded to it in civil courts by the Judges of the land. One would almost be inclined to suspect, so lightly is that evil practice viewed in military circles, that, as easy-going moralists hold it to be scarcely a crime for a man of pleasure to forswear himself in defence of a frail fair one's fame, so our courts-martial consider that a moderate amount of "hard swearing" in support of a patron, or of "the interests of discipline," is a comparatively venial offence, of which no serious notice is taken in that revised and mitigated version of the Decalogue, which men of honour of a certain class are in the habit of constructing for themselves, in lieu of the sterner and less convenient Mosaic original. Such, at least, is the only way in which the frightful amount of perjury can be accounted for, which disfigures the proceedings of so many of our courts-martial, and which invariably escapes the censure, and even the notice, of the court, provided always the "hard swearing" be on the side of authority and power. Both in the Robertson-Bentinck case in Dublin, and in this recent trial at Mhow, the prosecutors openly imputed that crime to the prisoners' witnesses, without making any serious effort to establish the terrible charge; and the court on both occasions listened to the unsupported calumny in approving silence, and endorsed it by their verdicts, which, as soon as they were tested by impartial and competent legal criticism, were reluctantly, but necessarily, set aside.

The number of troops stationed in England is so small, and the influences of society are so strong and binding on their officers, that military trials on subjects of importance are comparatively rare in this country. When, however, they do occur, the usual result is, either that an unpopular or obscure prisoner is treated with signal injustice, especially if he belong to the non-combatant branches of the service; or, more frequently, that military crime goes entirely unpunished, by reason of the incompetence or the partiality of the court. But it is in India, and in our more distant colonies, that the defects of our system of military law are most saliently illustrated. The size of our armies in the Indian presidencies, the vast area

over which they are scattered, the distance from head-quarters, the consequent relaxation of discipline, and many other obvious causes calculated to engender the commission of military crime, afford ample opportunities for testing its inefficiency. It would be well worth the while of any Member of Parliament, ambitious of rendering a good service to his country, to cause the records of the Judge Advocate's offices in London and in Calcutta to be searched, and a collection to be made of the many instances in which, during the last twenty-five years, notorious and avowed failures of justice have resulted from the ignorance, caprice, and *lâches* of courts-martial. The mere statistics of these cases, together with the remarks and subsequent decision of the superior authorities thereupon, would certainly raise a universal cry for reform. Great as the existing evil is, and powerful as are the professional prejudices by which it will probably be supported, there exists a sovereign specific for it ready to our hands—a specific which has of late years been tried in many analogous cases, and usually with immediate and complete success. A public inquiry into the working of our present system of military jurisprudence, by a Parliamentary Committee or a Royal Commission, is all that is required, in order to bring about a more satisfactory state of things. And it will indeed be discreditable to the present Government, if such a cruel, disastrous, and costly complication as that which has been occasioned by the misconduct of the late court-martial at Mhow, is permitted to pass away, without some endeavour to extract permanent good out of the great wrong which has just been perpetrated in the outraged name of Military Justice.

October 15, 1863.

J. O.

Margaret Denzil's History.

(Annotated by her Husband.)

CHAPTER I.

IN THE BEGINNING.

How my history was begun for me—that is to say, where I was born and who were my parents—is doubtful still, I sometimes think. Only this I have found out for certain—that in life as well as in story-telling the beginning is very important, and that a good ending can scarcely come of a bad beginning. Not we, but our fathers and mothers begin our lives; and if we are to do well, that is a thing they ought to be very careful about. Careful that there is no guilt, no secrecy; careful to put an untangled thread into our hands when we are to carry on for ourselves, and not a tangled one which is a great task and a heavy shame.

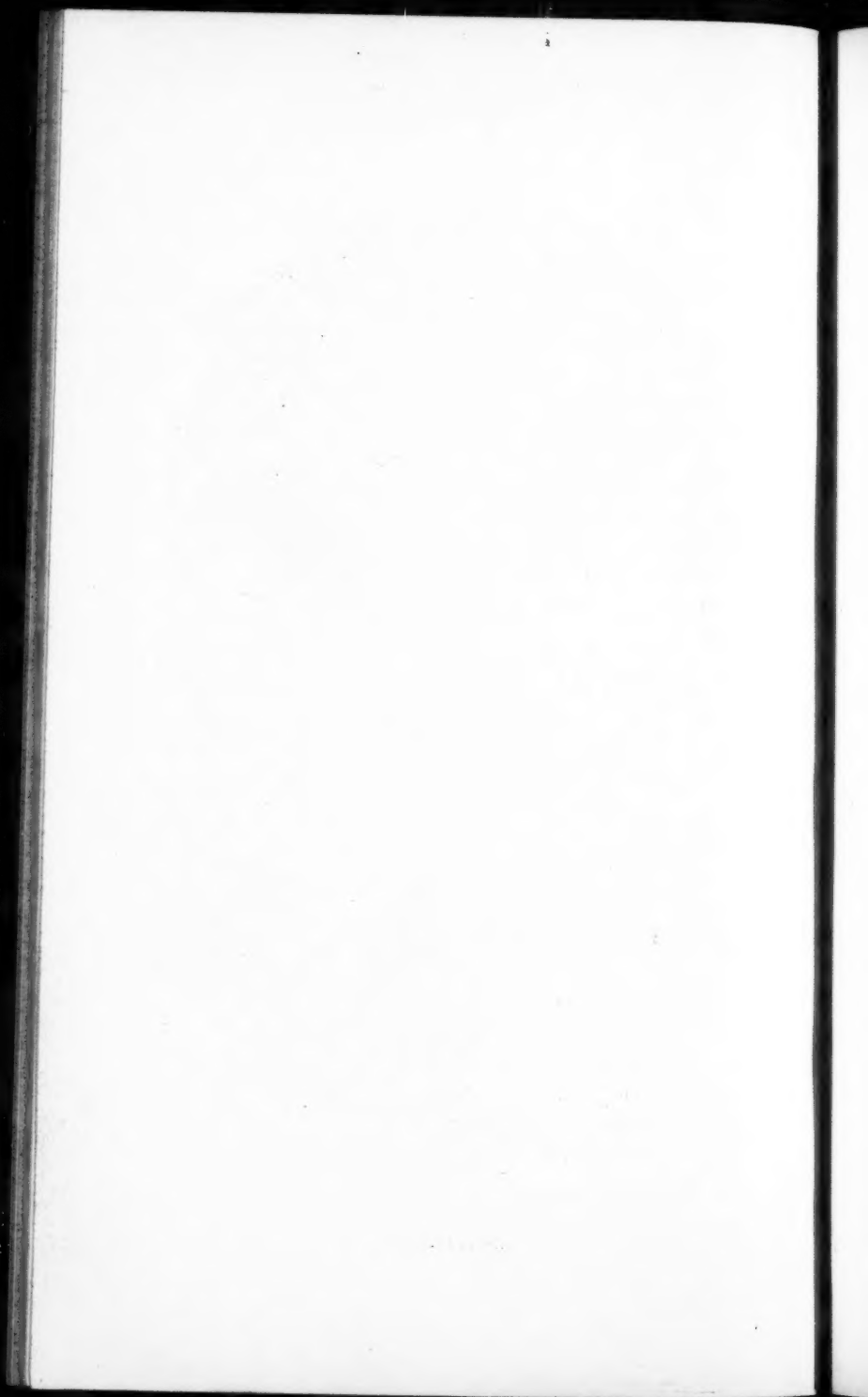
We shall see presently whether I have been reasonably accounted for. But, to begin, I do not think I ever believed myself really the child of Richard and Elizabeth Forster, cottagers of the New Forest. In the first place I never loved them; and though they lived in great seclusion, I had opportunities enough of seeing there was something between other parents and their children, some indescribable sense of loving and belonging, which there was not in our home. But then there was not much of that between my father and mother themselves; and I used to think at a very early age indeed that it was their having me that made the difference.

In the next place, there was that about the very house which made it seem to me not my home. Had it been a cottage like other cottages, with thatched roof and diamond-paned windows, and climbing plants hanging from the walls, and bow-pots, and a garden of flowers, that would have satisfied me; but all the instincts of my nature revolted against what it was. It was not like a cottage at all. Much more did it resemble a slice of a barrack—so formal and heavy, with its walls of dull red brick, its cold slate roof on which no bird ever alighted, and its narrow windows viciously staring like little Malayan eyes without eyebrows. There was not a flower nor a shrub about it—nothing prettier than a patch of house-leek that squatted like a toad over the sentry-box which shaded the doorway. My natural home was not like that; and I remember no time in my life when I did not think so, in a dim discontented way.

Again, I have not made out that the children of English peasants are often educated in French convent schools; and yet I was sent to one of



AT THE BROOK



those places, not to "finish," but to learn my A B C. How much I should have preferred the free ignorance of the village school to becoming accomplished, as the foolish word is, amidst the dull formality and odious restraints of the prison I was sent to, I alone knew then; how much happier the one lot would have been for me than the other, I best know now.

If I had never asked myself the question why I, a forester's daughter, was sent to a school for gentlewomen, it would have been forced on me—as it was—by the observations of the young ladies my schoolfellows. We were of an age when women have not yet learned to sting with words smeared with the honey of sympathy, and the sneers which were ever ready for me in our hours of recreation were crude indeed. I understood, but was not ashamed; that is to say, I understood that I was out of my sphere amongst the young ladies, and I vehemently agreed with them: as an unfledged hawk in similar case might agree with a colony of town-made pigeons. I complained to my mistresses, telling them I would rather go back and live wild amongst the trees where I was born; but got nothing by way of comfort but gentle remonstrance and severe discipline. I was to have patience: I was to subdue the unruly spirit which unhappily had been implanted in my breast. Above all things, I was to be silent. Meanwhile, an extra task would be good for me, they thought.

The English governess, to whom I naturally turned for kindness most confidently, was sterner than the rest. *They* put me aside with cold evasive gentleness; she would listen to me with a fixed attention which gave me more eloquence than I knew how to control. But in the midst of my petulant questions (which were never answered), and through the mist which passionate railing brings before the railer's eyes, I could always see her face growing darker and more rigid, till she stopped me in full career with a stern, "Silence, Miss Forster; I have heard enough. Go and forget what you have said." And yet she was often much affected, evidently; and at times (when we happened to be alone together, and her English pride was not brought out by the observation of others, as I supposed) she behaved to me with a grave kindness which made amends for all. Even then, however, I wondered whether she did not really hate and despise me, and only tried to be kind because her heart was touched by my friendlessness, or because she was ashamed of her own unreasonable hate. But I was not the less grateful on that account, and readily set off every chance word of sympathy from her English lips against her general show of aversion. I remember to this hour being quite melted by the half-audible exclamation, "Poor little wretch!" as she left the closet where she had to place me for insubordination one day. I remember most of all an evening when she invited me into her room to help her arrange her drawers. A delightful task! a delightful evening! She gave me a pretty little box, and into the box put whatever stray morsels of hopeless trinket-rubbish I took a fancy to. To crown all, she gave me a key to lock the box; and I locked it; and next day lost the

key, and was afraid or ashamed to reveal my misfortune. So the box remained locked—and was presently forgotten.

And my great question remained unanswered—to trouble me even when, during holiday vacations spent at home, I was at liberty to wander all day long amidst the enchantments of the forest. I plucked up heart to interrogate my father: he seemed to wonder how the question had got into my head, shook his own, and answered very kindly that if I did not wish to be kept at school always I had better hold my tongue. This terrible threat silenced me altogether; for I dare not question my mother. But she knew what I would have asked, for all that. More than once when we sat together by the evening fire she had seen the inquiry on my lips, and had killed it there with a look which had a world of warning in it. The first time warning; the second, menace.

But my parents were kind to me on the whole, especially my father. It was he who taught me the paths in the wood, and the sweet old-fashioned country names of its flowers and grasses. He it was who filled my mind with many a forest legend, very incredible and nonsensically meaning. Of how here a brother tore a brother in pieces, and went home and said it was wolves; and straightway was compelled by some spirit that possessed him to go down on all fours and howl, and would not leave off; so they were obliged to kill him. And how there in another place where the grass would not grow, a young lady was bound to a tree by wicked men who slew her lover before her eyes, and wrote his name across her bare bosom with his blood. And how the blood never could be washed from it; only whenever any of the cruel murderers came to his dying hour the letters faded from her bosom for the time and came out all wet on his. And how when the last of the wicked ones perished the name faded away for the last time on *his* breast, and never came back to poor Barbara's any more: "and they do say," added my father, with a look of awe, "that one of them ruffians was her own sister in disguise!" In this monstrous old story there is an ending of forgiveness and peace which makes me hope it may be true; and I half believe it is.

The story is memorable to me, however, for a more particular reason. I first heard it, under the "very tree," on the morning of a certain day: my own story commenced in the evening, or rather I took it up then; having lived up to that time the life that was made for me, and become a tall awkward girl of thirteen. Nobody had ever said I was beautiful yet; and so I suppose all my loveliness had to come.

I had been rambling in the forest till evening, mazed with the fine fancies and wandering thoughts of childhood—the thoughts and fancies of a mind like that of the Greek girls who saw actual life in every tree, and watched for water nymphs at every pool. Presently I came to a stream, and sat down beside it. The water rolled over the worn white stones, and round about those that were great and mossy green, with a noise which at first grew louder and louder as it seized upon my senses, and then fainter as it hushed them into a deeper trance. The sun set quite, and still I

remained by the side of the stream. The moon came up as the sun went down—a bright white moon; and it was not till my shadow began to show distinctly on the water that I rose up, in that state of double consciousness when the senses seem to think for themselves, and to leave the mind to its own indulgences. At such times we hardly know what we do till it is done; just as, at ordinary times, we know not what we think till the thought is gone.

What I did was to lace my shoes round my neck, and step out into the brook, where I leapt from stone to stone, or waded along the pebbly bottom. Whither the brook went I knew no more than its waters did, and thought and cared no more. I was the brook, and away I danced accordingly, only pausing now and then when a bird broke suddenly into song, as birds will do on moonlight nights: when he ceased, then I went on again.

At first, all about me was open glade—the sward vividly green, the water diamond white, especially where it circled round the stones or my feet disturbed it. By-and-by, however, the glade began to narrow. Trees drew nearer to the stream on either side, and presently I came to a place in its path which was quite overshadowed by branches. But the branches were high, there were many breaks between them, and the moon shone through, making a thousand fantastic patches of light upon the water and upon the grass. This was more beautiful and enchanting still! The very brook seemed to rejoice in this place with a quicker, louder voice; while as for me, I had once heard a ballad about “lovely night;” and as I went along now I found myself singing these two words in my heart continually—not to the ballad-maker’s tune, though, but to a new one.

A little farther, and we were both silent—the brook and I. For there was a surprise for us at this point. The boughs gradually came down close upon the stream, making it very dark.* That, however, did not bring me to a pause. Gaily I pushed my way through, and instantly found myself at the edge of a break in the copse which the waters quite filled—an oval space where they suddenly composed themselves and became a still little lake. Right above it stood the moon. The leaves glistened, the waters shone, but the banks which skirted the pool under the leaves were in darkness. I, however, who stood in darkness too, could see how invitingly these banks, broken by tree-boles and bushes, rose from the water in softly swelling knolls, and I longed to be there. And luckily the pond was shallow, or only deep in the middle; and so I waded round by the margin, and went and sat upon a pretty bit of bank between two trees. There I remained I do not know how long—the scene was so very beautiful, and every sound so soothing.

But when a leaf fell by-and-by, and floated past, “Let us bathe,” said my limbs one to another. Said and done. Without any consideration

* When I visited this place a little while after the time my dear madame is writing about, I strongly suspected the bushes here had been *planted*. There was no getting at the pond hardly, except by the way she got at it.—J. D.

at all, I soon found myself naked in the warm night air and the still waters of the brook.

You must know that I had acquired enough of the art of swimming not to be afraid of a few feet of deep water; and as the pool was nowhere more than twenty yards across, I waded fearlessly out toward the centre. The water did deepen there, far more than I dreamed as I floated over it, with my face turned upward to the moon. Floating sometimes, wading sometimes, sometimes standing hip-deep, very, very still, that, with my hair gathered from my ears, I might listen to the woodland sounds that swept by in waves of increasing and decreasing sweetness—thus passed the time away. To me it might all have been a moment; but the moon went on steadily, marking the departing minutes by a shadow drawn over the pool like a shroud. The darkness crept over from the side whence I had started; and being now inclined to rest, I crossed to the opposite bank, and sat down, watching the shadow as it came.

I see myself sitting there, my face in shade, my feet dangling in the water. The moon goes on her way overhead, till at length, by extending my foot, I can almost hide it in the advancing darkness. And a pretty pastime it was to measure off in this way the course of night; but pleasanter still to think of nothing at all, but sit paddling in the water.

That was not to last long, however. As I drew my foot idly along the bottom, it caught in what I thought were weeds; I drew up my foot; and dimly saw clinging to it what was not a weed. It looked to me like a tangled hank of lace; but while I stared at it, it slipped from my foot, leaving there a broken string of beads, which also dropt from the string one by one into the water. Before I could recover from my surprise only two or three were left—those which crossed my foot and lodged there.

I say surprise, but that is a feeble word. As I took those two or three great beads into my hand, I trembled with a thrill that scattered my dreams instantly, only to let new dreams, new wonders in. The enchantment of delight was dispelled, and was succeeded by the enchantment of terror; and as this new glamour fell upon me, the moon passed over, and was caught into a cloud, and was gone. The pool was dark, and I was dark; all but a strange light that came fresh into my mind as if reflected into it from those dull opaque beads.

In this strange light strange ideas came and went like dumb ghosts that rise from the dead to tell things which they cannot tell—which they can only *look*; and so it happened that, without any process of thought, I, a child of thirteen, felt profoundly that I held a revelation in my hand, if I could only ask and be answered. Shall I say—will it seem so very odd and unnatural if I tell what sort of questioning came into my mind? Well, put into words, it might very well have taken the form of the old troublesome inquiry, "Why am I, a cottager's daughter, sent to a convent school in France?" That was my thought—I need not say what it meant beside! I need only say that what it did mean never fully entered my mind till that moment. It was a question of which I did not know the

whole significance till now, when I had come upon that which I felt sure could have answered it! Philosophers may explain all this for themselves; for my part, I want no explanation.

Remember that I was a woman-child of thirteen, and imagine the hosts of huge and ghostly shapes that came into my mind with one suspicion—or rather revelation. They were not *thoughts* that troubled me—they were phantoms, and terrible. I think when I die I shall sit naked by another pool, and look upon another dread array of ghosts like that. Why, even then I thought, for one brief moment, that I must have died—I had changed so much—I had become gifted all at once with such wonderful new perceptions; and it was this idea, followed by the discovery that, as yet, I really was alive, that first impelled me to fly from the place. But my clothes were on the further bank—somewhere in the dark where I might never find them! This was a new alarm. Again I plunged into the water, but not before I had tied my necklace round my head, so as to carry it safely over without hampering my hands. Through the shallower places of the pond to the deeper, where (with a great deal of calmness, when it came to that,) I resigned myself to be taken up by the water, to float across as before.

The sky, to which my face was once more turned, still looked bright, I remember, but there was scarcely enough light upon the pool now to show the white mask that moved over it. Very naturally, I suppose, a picture of this face of mine slowly moving over the dark water came into my mind; and it was not a pleasant picture. But no sooner was it there than it changed into another face—also turned skyward from the pool, and looking thither as I had seen no face look yet. It was in my mind. It was on the water floating beside mine own! So I fancied, at any rate; and turned my head in horror to assure myself that it was not so, and sank.

That face, which was only an idea, a phantom, never left me. I cherished it until at last, when my own had changed and had become a woman's, I had no more need to trouble memory about it. If I look in the glass, there is the other face; and if I loose my hair, and look into clear water, there is the vision exactly.

I sank many feet deep, grovelling like a thing already dead upon the pebbly floor. Then I rose again. Drowning people are generally vouchsafed three such chances of life, I believe; luckily, one was enough for me. Gasping into the full consciousness of peril with the first breath of air that touched my lips, I gathered my enfeebled strength into one effort, passed over the treacherous hole, regained my feet, and planted them once more on the safe soft turf.

There, however, I am sure I must have fallen if my hand had not immediately lighted on the homely every-day garments I had cast off—an age? no, not an hour ago. These gave me what I needed so much, an instant hold upon the good commonplace life I had quitted too long; and it may easily be understood how an instinctive eagerness to keep that hold banished every disposition to faint.

In haste I began to dress myself—in haste to leave a solitude, so rapturous at first, which now oppressed me with stifling dread; for it was as if some invisible wickedness had come and sucked all life and sweetness from the air. If I could find the open glade—that is to say, any open glade—I had no doubt I should soon and easily find my way home; for I knew the place I was now in could not be far from my father's house. That is exactly what I said to myself half aloud; but "my father's house" were words that fell palpably dead from my lips. They *were* dead. I felt I could never utter them again now; and with that I remembered my necklace, and put my hand up to learn whether I had not lost it when I sank. It was there. I took it in my hands that I might examine its beads by the one vivid stream of moonlight which penetrated through the boughs above, and I saw that they were bloody! There was blood upon them, and upon my hand!

How I managed to escape from the place after this dreadful sight (for how should beads be wet with blood that have just come up from twelve feet of water?) I do not know. But I must soon have gained a fair clear break of sward, and there fell down insensible at last.

[As for the blood, it is not to be supposed she could reason about it at such a time. There was nothing mysterious about it, really. When she sank her temple grazed upon the pebbles. When she put up her hand to feel for the necklace it passed over the wound. It is plain enough; but the explanation was never quite enough to satisfy madame; which is not much to be wondered at.—J. D.]

CHAPTER II.

MY STRANGER.

JUNE nights are short, my exhaustion was great. The swoon passed into sleep, I suppose; but there I lay till after dawn next morning, and even then I did not wake naturally. A man's voice roused me; and I started up trembling with dread, for I thought the voice was my father's. It was not his. The voice belonged to a man on horseback, who had seen me lying half naked on the ground, from one of the forest roads. He was as much frightened as I was.

[And no wonder. With her white face and her white gown, her hair streaming, and an unearthly look in her eyes—which, at *ordinary* times, no man could look into for more than a moment—I confess my sea-bred superstition came in, and I did take her for something supernatural, till I observed one thing: she had caught up her shoes when she ran from the pond, and there they were dangling from her hand.—J. D.]

But the surprise did not last long. I know now (though nobody had

called me beautiful yet) that I fascinated him, and he is welcome to know that he won my childish confidence by his troubled face, which had in it the more than kindness of a sudden unwilling interest; and it was not an unhandsome face either. But there was much shyness on both sides. He was in no hurry to approach me, and though he called I would not go to him. However, he dismounted at last, and came and questioned me—still at a little distance. What was my name? Margaret Forster. Where did I live? No answer. My hand was bloody, and my forehead; how came I in that plight? I had been bathing; I fell and hurt myself; that was all; and now would he be good enough to go away. But should he not see me safe home? No! The proposition was hateful; and before anything more could be said about it, I ran back into the copse, where I had left half my clothes.

The gentleman did not follow me, and I did not fear that he would. On the contrary, I almost wished he had done so when I again caught sight of that dreadful pool. And yet how little dreadful it seemed now, with the tender innocent light of early morning shining on it, and a hundred birds twittering in the boughs, which here and there bent down and dipped their leaves in its waters. I thought I should be afraid to stand on its brink again, but I was not. Only one thing I could not do, and that was to wash my stained hand in it; and yet when I had finished my "rustic toilette," I lingered there, wondering, wondering, till last night's thoughts and scenes were reproduced too vividly. For a moment even, the whole place became dark again—which was only because my eyes were dimmed by fasting sickness, no doubt; but it drove me away with a bosomful of fainting thoughts. I began to tire, body and mind, and for the first time in my life longed for the tomb-like seclusion of my room at school.

No sooner had I cleared the copse than I came face to face with the stranger again. He had remounted his horse, but seemed hardly to have moved from the place where I parted from him. And he looked so anxious, and I was so changed, that I had no hesitation now, but went to him at once.

"What am I to do with you, child?" he said.

"Take me away. I don't want to go home any more. I don't know where to go."

He said something about a "place of safety," dismounted, lifted me into the saddle, and contrived to support me there while he guided his horse, which went at the gentlest pace. My kind stranger was very thoughtful; for my part, I was sick of thought; and so we had nothing to say to each other; but at the bottom of my heart I had a deep sense of satisfaction at travelling away from a home I had never loved, and now had learned to dread. As to arguing about my "position" or my future, I made no approach to any such thing. Nor had I any definite notion "about abandoning my home for ever." It was enough that I was not to return thither now, with last night's mysteries brooding in my heart.

But we had not gone far before it seemed probable that my runaway journey would be delayed, at the least. Once more all became dark around me. The sickness of hunger and exhaustion had returned; but though my eyes were so misty that I could not see, and my head so dizzy that I thought it must soon go round visibly, I still managed to go on unsuspected of my meditative companion. The inevitable moment came at last, though; lurching forward, I fell upon his shoulder insensible.

When next I came to my senses—

[Here let me come in with a word or two. I have nothing to say to Margaret's descriptions, except that of course they explain little of my feelings, my embarrassment. Here was I, a man who, at fourteen years or so, had been put aboard an East India ship, and abandoned in her; and who for more than twenty years afterward had passed a life which took me into all sorts of places and amongst all sorts of people; and yet never, I may say, did I find a feeling in my heart that gave me any surprise till then. It is not for me to describe it: I am not able. She has said "fascination," and I don't know any better word, if it is only writ large enough.

I was wondering a good deal, and not at all looking at the child, when she fell on my shoulder. For a moment I thought she was dead, naturally; but it soon appeared she wasn't, and so I laid her in a snug place, made my horse fast, and got on a bough to observe whether there was any cottage in sight. There was; and at no great distance. It was the same that my madame has described; and just as it appeared to her so it appeared to me. If it had been a ship I would not have trusted it, but being a cottage I had no reason to consider my own ideas about it of any account. Nor did I mean to go up to it with any particular caution; but it seems I did so, for the good people were not aware of me even when I had got the door open and stood within the threshold.

All I could see was a narrow stone passage; and for a moment the house was as quiet as if it had been abandoned. But just as I was about to call out, a woman's voice exclaimed with uncommon shrillness—

"You old fool, you must find her!"

"Don't see any must about it," answered a gruffer voice. "There'll be no particular row about her if you don't make any." I thought he said this in a bitter, sorry sort of way.

"And we're to starve!" the woman screams louder than ever.

"And we're to starve," replies the other. "If so be that we don't work, which we might try for a bit of a change."

"You work, vagabones!" the woman began again; but the man stopped her by shouting in a voice that might have knocked her down—

"Let be! let be, woman! You're grieving for your gut! I'm a grieving for the little maid!"

The conversation seemed likely to end there, and so I pretended to have just come to the door, rattling at the latch and calling. This

brought both parties into the passage in very quick time; and when I told them I had found a young lady fainting in the wood, and wanted assistance for her, the woman began to hullabaloo about her poor child, while the man came out with me—eagerly enough.

Of course that conversation gave me certain ideas and suspicions. What they were exactly it would be hard to say now, but I felt that there was something wrong. At any rate, there was good reason for the child's unwillingness to return home; about that I made my mind up at once, and determined to look into the matter a little. By which time I began to think myself fortunate in being made an instrument of Providence, when, in fact, I was becoming a tool of the devil's. Not that I blame him.

This man Forster and myself carried Margaret to the house, and upstairs into her bedroom, where we laid her on her bed. The woman followed us up, proving, as she did so, that she could weep, as well as speak, shriller than most women. And then she was anxious to get rid of me with profuse thanks, telling me to go down while she brought her daughter to. But that I would not do. "Some water, ma'am!" says I. "You'll allow me the pleasure of seeing her recover." And I removed the hair from Margaret's wounded temples very deliberately, as if I meant a good deal by it. In fact, I put on a deep pretence of knowledge and suspicion, thinking that that might bring out a betrayal of the something wrong which I believed in with too much pleasure, perhaps. In pursuance of this policy I snatched the water from Mrs. Forster's hand, (which trembled I observed,) and sprinkled it myself on the child's face. She revived almost immediately, and sat up in the bed; but it was clear she did not know where she was at first.

In rising up, she opened the hand which was marked with blood, and, unnoticed by the rest, those beads fell from it upon the bed. They startled me, too, for they were stained as she describes them. I took them up, and made the woman a bow, offering them to her.

She took them in a confused, wondering sort of way, as if she did not understand what they meant; and I think she was going to say so, when a flash of horror came into her face. Again she set up her pipe. "My child, my poor child!" she cried, that being the only exclamation she could think of, it seemed.

The cry brought her child back to perfect consciousness. She answered in a sudden clear voice—"I do not believe it! I am not your child! Give them to me!" (the beads she meant.) "They are mine! They are ——" She did not finish the sentence, for the woman quickly tossed them back to her upon the bed.

Nobody now spoke. Forster turned to leave the room, looking like a guilty dog who is sorry for his fault. But I was not done yet. Now was my time. "Stay," said I, putting on my old quarter-deck style, "we must have a little conversation about this, if you please. The young lady can take care of herself now, no doubt. Oblige me by stepping downstairs."

They obeyed, as I expected they would; and of course their obedience made me bolder.

To my mind, there's a good deal in having worn a uniform. It can always be seen on a man whatever dress he wears; and I believe these good people took me to be something official at first sight. What our conversation was, I need not tell now in details. Mrs. Forster was chief spokesman; and though she was very sharp and hard to deal with, I learned more than they wished me to know, for a certainty. It was a rambling likely-enough tale, but with lies in it clearly, and some little things that looked ugly when put together. I half believed it, and pretended that I did so completely. However, when I left them, I said I should consider the matter for a day or so; but if they stirred, or the girl disappeared either of her own will or theirs, they would immediately find themselves in the hands of the chief constable. The threat took effect as I could well see.

I may mention here that at this time I was waiting at Southampton for the arrival of my wife from the West Indies. She was a widow when I married her—older than myself by eight years; and, I do not deny, rich in money as well as in land. I had come to England a few months after the marriage to make arrangements for our settlement here; I having abandoned the sea, of which I had got heartily sick. She remained to complete the sale of her colonial property, which was all to be converted into money, and lodged in the bank till some profitable investment in England should turn up. It has been said that I was penniless at that time; but I had saved more than four thousand pounds, and her fortune, after all, was under five-and-twenty.—J. D.]

CHAPTER III.

I AM DISPOSED OF.

It was as the strange gentleman had said. After he had gone I was left not only unmolested but quite alone. All day long I sat at the window—never tired of looking at the rocking trees, which rocked my senses to rest. Now and then I heard the clatter of bucket or basin, the rustling of a besom, the twanging of the clock bell below, but that was all. Nobody talked in our house, nobody ever sang: the pleasant clatter of tongues which I sometimes heard in other cottages, even where there were only an old woman and an old hen to cluck at each other, was never known “at home.” Half-a-dozen words about household matters on sitting down to meals, half-a-dozen more on rising, a sudden sharp altercation once a week or thereabouts—this was all our conversation; and to-day there was not even that. For my father left home as soon as the stranger went away, and did not return till dusk. There was no dumb creature in or about the house for my mother to speak to, had she been disposed; and she would not speak to *me*. She brought my meals up to

my room without uttering a word. Indeed, so awful a sense of silence encompassed her that I think it would have made me hysterical at last if she had not gone out of her way to drop me a curtsey on leaving the room, every time. Now she did this with an effort of coarse mockery which she must have known would be thrown away on a child of thirteen. But what of that? She probably intended me to remember it and find out its meaning when I grew older: as I did.

I was still at my window, but seated at a little distance from it, when I saw my father returning. My mother, I suppose, must have been watching for him from another window below; for just as he came within sight he took what seemed to be a letter from his breast, held it up for a moment, and then quickly put it back. Immediately on this, my mother went to the door as if to receive him—an attention which I have since learned might have been attributable to wifely solicitude; but I had no knowledge of such a thing then, and could only explain my mother's haste to meet her husband by over curiosity about the letter.

As for me, my curiosity was instant and most painful. Occupied with myself so much as I was, I had no doubt the letter concerned me, and I fretted and trembled when I heard them shut themselves in to read and discuss it; the more because, though my mother went to meet her husband on the threshold, not a syllable was said then. But all in vain was my longing. Once more that evening my mother visited me, at supper-time; and then I tried hard to read the meaning of the letter in her looks. They were certainly changed. They were severe, abstracted, calculating; and instead of curtseying as she left the room, this time she paused and looked on me much as I have seen a countryman regard the pig which he doubted whether to keep or kill.

I went to bed none the happier for that cold, calculating look, but I slept. The morning was already come again when I woke—with a burning thirst. There was no water in my room, and I lay wondering a long time whether I dare go below for some before I could make up my mind to suffer. But then the thought flashed upon me—perhaps the letter had been left downstairs! This was not very probable; but with the mere notion in my head I could resist the cravings of thirst no longer.

My door was fastened on the outside by a wooden button: a homely contrivance, easily disposed of with a hair-pin. That is to say, it was easily unfastened; but this accomplished, a real difficulty stared me in the face—namely, how to fasten it again from the inside, so that my having stolen from the room might not be known. However, the deed was done now, and surely those who thirst must drink!

Very softly I went down and entered the "keeping room" or kitchen, looking, not for the water pitcher, but for something that might prove to be a letter. The table was bare. The chimney board showed nothing but its shining candlesticks and its two odious images in painted pottery. But there was a scorched fragment of paper in a corner of the fire grate, and that I snatched up eagerly.

Only a few words appeared on my brown and shrivelled morsel of salvage, but there was something about them which, at the first glance, carried me back to school. I thought I must have seen the handwriting there. Indeed I should have been sure of it, had it not occurred to me that ladies everywhere wrote very much alike; and this was a lady's writing certainly. And what were the words? These, as I remember them, in so many parts and ends of sentences, one over the other, in this wise:—

"lled in Algeria
"his sad career has
"is my death bed
"digence,"

which last word was obviously "indigence" before its mutilation.

That was all: and as I could not perceive in these broken words any reference to myself, or the remotest connection with my parents, I concluded that I had found a mere chance fragment of waste paper, such as was commonly brought home on market days. At the same time, I was in no haste to cast it away, and was still poring over it, wondering what had become of the letter I wished so much to see, when I was startled by a rustling at the door. It was my mother.

Softly as I left my room, she (who had also been lying awake, no doubt) had heard me, while my absorption had deafened me to *her* footsteps. And there she stood.

It was the nature of this woman, who could control herself so well on ordinary occasions, to have sudden fits of cruelty cold and intense as polar frost. I plainly saw the spasm upon her face as she came toward me now with her teeth clenched, like a mechanical thing made to tear and rend. But I, who felt nothing but an unaccustomed sense of anger and disgust at sight of her, did not stir; nor did I cry out, but stood passive while she came up to me, took the hand in which I held the bit of half-burnt paper, and wrenched it till my pain and rage were so great that I dashed my disengaged hand into her face. She desisted instantly; and now, thought I, I shall be killed. But the woman only stared at me with a muddled stare, collected her senses, and then quietly ordered me upstairs. I told her I wanted water. She answered, in her coarse way, that if I did not "move" I should have more of it than was good for me. Then I thought upon the forest pool; perhaps she thought about it too. I know we both trembled for some reason.— And all this happened in the bright and lovely stillness of a June morning, an hour after dawn.

This day, so badly begun, passed painfully—more painfully even than the day before, for then a weariness and exhaustion of body made effortless dreams of half my thoughts. But now I was refreshed, my suspicions and apprehensions were refreshed also. Besides, there was much muttered conversation below stairs at intervals; and I feared what might become of me after my daring deed if the kind stranger did not return. But he kept his word; and I cannot say how glad I was when I saw

him riding up to the house : though he had not a cheerful look himself, I remember.

Richard Forster—that is to say, my father, you know—was not at home when the stranger arrived ; but he came in soon afterwards, with a rake and some other garden tools upon his shoulder.

[I had seen him in the forest, on my way—very near the spot where I found Margaret. He had his tools with him then ; and I hailed him, asking whether he was going home from work. But he did not seem to hear me, turning out of my way.—J. D.]

And then there was another long conversation between them—a time of awfulest suspense for me, poor little girl, who sat trembling in one long shiver from the first moment to the last ; and yet, I dare to say, there was no man-child of my age alive with greater coolness, or patience, or resolution. If the stranger had only come up to give me a word of encouragement, then there would have been little trembling even. But he did not ; contenting himself with waving his hand to me, as, from the window, I watched him alight. And a wave of the hand from a man who cannot smile may mean anything or nothing.

At length, my mother came to the foot of the stairs, and in a dry voice called me down. I was to take supper with my parents and my new friend ; though, as to that, everything in the room seemed new. What change it was that had come over us all, I have no language to explain ; but I felt it strongly as soon as I came into the light of the two guttering candles which had been set up (instead of one) in honour of the guest. The discussion, the arrangements of the party, had got into the air ; and he was not more a stranger now than Mr. and Mrs. Forster, my parents. As for me, I felt for the first time like a lady.

My mother was the only one of us who ate much of the bread and cheese and butter which made up our supper. For her, both mind and appetite seemed to be unusually lively, and she was evidently proud of her superiority over the agitation which possessed the rest of us. My father was exceedingly restless ; and whenever he glanced at me, it was with a great deal of nervousness, and a great deal of kindness, which was far harder to bear than the unblinking contemplation of his wife : who, while she munched, gazed on me as if I had become a curious and grateful object of speculation. The stranger neither looked nor spoke after his first greeting, but his presence gave me some such feeling as, I suppose, a poor wretch in the dock must have when he thinks he sees a friendly jurymen.

Welcome, then, was my mother's voice, when, still munching, she began a set harangue about my obstinacy, my base't ingratitude, my wilfulness which nothing could be done with, and, more than all, my ridiculous ideas. Upon these she harped till I was ready to cry for vexation ; for I began to think she might be right, and that I really was nothing but a "fanciful marin," who despised her own flesh and blood all through their trying to give her a lady's education fit for a governess. "Fit for a gover-

ness!" That explained everything. But when I raised my shame-burning eyes to learn from my father's and the stranger's face how far they knew my naughtiness, or how much they sanctioned the terrible speech, I was comforted; for the gravity of their looks appeared rather as if it was assumed to add weight to what they did not quite believe in, and which also was being carried too far for their taste, as well as mine. A child's eyes are quick to detect such little insincerities.

However, my mother was too pleased with her task to observe any one but me, to whom it was addressed. Accordingly, she went on in a strain more and more animated, till she came to the real purpose of the harangue, which was to announce that my parents had resolved at last to be done with me; at any rate, till I learned to honour my father and mother that my days might be long in the land. Impoverish themselves any more for an ungrateful hussy, who could sit and hear all her wickedness exposed with the impudence of a highwayman's horse, they never would; and therefore it was very lucky for me that a gentleman to whom it was no use telling lies, and who would only laugh at my romantic tales, had offered to send me to another school, which was *not* in France. "As if France makes any difference to us!" she said.

"That is to say," added the stranger, "I will do so if you are still anxious to leave home. Are you?"

"Yes," I answered boldly. "I am afraid to stop here. I would run away rather!"

"There, you hear!" said my mother, demonstratively.

"Exactly what I feared," the stranger muttered. "Well, we won't let you run away, Margaret, if we can help it; that would never do. You shall have a new home, a new school, you know—if you please; and then we shall see whether you are really so wilful and wicked as your mother says you are."

"But I don't believe she is my mother!"

"Nonsense," said the stranger.

"Go to bed, ma'am," cried Mrs. Forster. I obeyed, sulkily enough, no doubt, and sorry that, in spite of my resolutions to the contrary, I had again spoken my mind.

So the matter was concluded, not happily—not to bear good fruit in season.

The stranger's horse was lodged for the night in a wood-shed which stood near the house; how he himself was accommodated I do not know. But in the morning, looking out of my window to judge of the time by "sun-up," I spied him walking moodily backward and forward under the trees at a little distance. Now I wanted to speak with him unobserved.

Waking once in the dead of the night, I overheard my parents talking, the partition which divided my room from theirs being nothing but a thin wooden veil papered. My mother's voice was indistinct; but my father's was of that rough, low, grumbling character which can be heard almost as plainly through an oaken door as at the lips of the speaker.

All that he said was distinct enough ; while as for my mother, I happen to have a gift of what may be called second hearing : others have it, too, perhaps. A brief sentence is spoken so low that not more than two or three inarticulate sounds reach me. They are unintelligible. I try, but I cannot make of them a single word ; when all in a moment the whole sentence is repeated in my ears as if reverberated from some distant point in the air.

Assisted by this faculty (tested many times), I made out as much of my mother's part in the conversation as my father's, because he had not so much to say. In such scraps as these :—

She. "I can hardly get at her."

He. "So uncommon close."

She. "Saw directly by her hair she had been in the water. Drowned herself, it would have been no loss as things turn out. A'most like a providence, isn't it?"

He. "Humph. You don't like her, you know."

She. "Beggar. Take her—a good riddance."

He. "Some'at over, that's one thing!"

She. "Few pounds. No harm in him—a fool, I think!"

He. "Uncommon s'picious, I think. Seen me with them tools too."

She. "Spilt milk. Besides, *we* have done nothing."

He. "About them beads."

She. "That do seem strange. Can't make it out."

He. "Think he's got 'em?"

She. "If he hasn't, I'll have 'em, depend on it."

He. "But if he have?"

She. "Better say nothing at all, of course."

He. "I believe you're right. Well, let us get shot of it, Betsy. Sooner the better now."

She. "Few pounds, that's some comfort. G'night."

There the conversation ended, with nought that appeared of any special significance to me, except the reference to the necklace. This revived the vivid suspicions I had conceived at the pool's brink ; whereas, I myself had already begun to think of them as the offspring of the romantic fancy my mother had ridiculed. The face that had floated with mine upon the water looked into my mind again, and my beating heart kept me awake very long. Nor should I have got to sleep at all, I think, if I had not resolved to relate that evening's adventures to my stranger, and ask him about the beads.

So when I saw him pacing up and down under the trees, I made haste to dress, slipped out swiftly, softly, and then went with all the demureness of a good little girl toward the well, knowing that he must see me in passing. But although I held the beads in my hands, my purpose faltered as soon as it was begun. Somehow, my vision and my speculations were not to be spoken of—not only because grown people would be sure to think them absurd and "forward," but because they seemed to have a

certain sacredness of their own. To tell of them, I found, was something like telling a confided secret. And then I thought of the peremptory way in which the stranger had said "Nonsense!" last night.

But there was not much time for consideration. The stranger came up, and settled my difficulties in his own way at once. "What, so early, Margaret?" he said. "Good morning to you," and took the hand which had the beads in it. Out they fell into his own: I was so confused.

"Our broken necklace, isn't it?" said he.

"Yes!" I faltered.

"The blood on them rather frightened us yesterday, and they are ugly enough at the best. Well, we must have a new necklace, I suppose." And with that he tossed my beads into the air, high over the trees, like a boy at play.

I could not repress a little cry of displeasure as they disappeared: at which he, too, looked serious, as if he feared he had forgotten himself.

"Why, they were of no value?" he said, solicitously. "You had no particular reason to set store by them?"

"Oh, no; but——"

"But what, child?"

"They were so pretty!"

"Oh, if that's all!" He smiled, strolled away toward the woodshed to look after his horse, and there was an end of another little episode. My treasures, so strangely come by, were gone irrecoverably! It is impossible to say what a painful sense of emptiness and fatal loss my foolish young heart felt at that moment; and yet, to be candid, I must confess I was all the cheerfuller for it immediately afterwards.

But once more I was to hear about my dower, at any rate. This was soon after the stranger had gone away again, promising to write to me—to me myself!—within a week.

"Margaret," said my mother, "what has become of the trumpery you made such a baby-fuss about the other morning?"

"What trumpery?"

"Them rubbishing beads!"

"I gave them to the gentleman!"

"You did! and what," she continued, her eyes kindling, "did *he* do with them?"

"Threw them away!"

"Oh," said she, looking for the truth in my face, and finding it, "very proper too."

After that Mrs. Forster seemed more comfortable, and she certainly was more harmonious.

The days passed away now very much as before, except for the distrust which made us all eyes, and the expectancy which made us like a family of perpetual listeners. Also, I was scarcely allowed to leave the house. The letter came. It told me that the writer, whose name I now first knew to be Denzil, had found a school for me in Dorsetshire;

that if I had not changed my mind, and my parents still consented, I had only to meet him with my mother at Madame Lamont's on the following Tuesday, and the arrangement could be completed; only if I did not like Madame Lamont, or Madame Lamont's house, I was to say so at once. This letter was accompanied by another for my mother, containing some certifications of Madame's proficiency and high character.

"If I had not changed my mind!" As soon as the letter arrived I thought I had. Misgivings crept in on me. I had to recall that face, to reiterate my own fears, in order to keep my courage up. But love of change, a dread of home, and disgust at the French seminary (spite of the severe half-kindness of its English governess), prevailed; and, indeed, I soon saw from my mother's demeanour that to "change my mind" would not be tolerated.

The day arrived. We reached Madame Lamont's after the smoothest journey, and there, in my presence, the circumstances of the case were repeated. I was the little girl in whom Mr. Denzil had taken so generous an interest. Mrs. Forster was my mother, grateful for the good fortune of her child, whose education she resolved should be fit for a governess as soon as she (I) was out of long clothes. Mrs. Forster had already spent almost all her own poor savings on me already; so that the gentleman's kindness was, you might say, double. Only one thing surprised me: my mother spoke of Mr. Denzil as if she had known him for many years.

Madame, I remember, was very polite and ecstatically interested. Mr. Denzil was awkward and silent. But, on parting, he took me a little aside, put a half-sovereign into my hand, and said impressively, "Now, Margaret, be a good girl. Work at your book, don't give way to nonsense, and don't talk!"

Which was exactly how my father took leave of me. Delivering his injunctions from his seat in the cart in which he had driven us to the railway station—"Margaret," said he, "whatever you do, be a good gal. Stick to your lessons, but mind you be a good gal. And remember this, my lass—a still tongue makes a wise head."

When I was alone that evening, I put Mr. Denzil's half-sovereign together with the shilling my father gave me, and thought I would try very, very hard to do as they had bidden me. But it really seemed as if, in the opinion of all the world, I had been born for nothing but to hold my tongue!

Domesday Book.

IN the heart of London stands a vast, heavy, unfinished, Gothic edifice, with stone buttresses and mullioned windows, which has cost the country several thousands of pounds. Its official establishment of keepers, clerks, and messengers, draws from the public purse ten or twelve thousand pounds per annum. Yet, save to a few stragglers in the thickets of mediæval literature, and the working clerks of the great London law firms, it is almost unknown. Many persons who have glanced at this grim-looking structure which frowns upon Fetter Lane, may be unaware that it is the place of deposit for "The Records of the Realm," the general repository of our title-deeds, historical, legal, political, religious. It is scarcely known that on the payment of one shilling, any day in the week, between the hours of ten and four, a person may enter this office, call for the production of any single record from the eleventh century downwards, and transcribe its contents (in pencil), or obtain an official copy (in ink) at a very moderate charge. The inquisitive Britons, however, who avail themselves of this privilege are few in number: even professed historians are but just beginning to appreciate the value of the contemporary memoranda of the past which are here collected. It is a national reproach that the earliest history of England, founded upon an accurate examination of its muniments, should have been the work of a German scholar, Dr. Lappenberg. The explanation of the indifference so long felt by our literary men to the exploration of these treasures is no doubt the difficulty which they have to encounter at the outset of their undertaking. To place himself *en rapport* with the spirit of the past, the student must serve an apprenticeship to some one learned in antiquarian lore; the cerements of Norman-French and barbarous Latin must be patiently unrolled, and manifold forms of quaint, composite, and corrupt manuscript laboriously deciphered. Whoever is willing to undergo this drudgery, will reap his reward in acquiring such an intimacy with the life of the old world as can be obtained in no other way. Few professional *littérateurs* have time or patience for such labour; and most are content to remodel the materials which they have purchased at secondhand. Thus quarries of valuable historic building stone, mines of precious literary ore, lie yet unworked within this *terra incognita*.

We propose in the following pages to illustrate the importance and interest of our national records by a brief analysis of the most venerable among them all—*Domesday Book*—of the character and contents of which we believe nine-tenths of educated Englishmen are either wholly ignorant, or very imperfectly informed.

The conquest of England by William the Norman was commenced rather than achieved by the battle of Hastings; as the repeated outbreaks of the sturdy Saxons in all parts of the kingdom, which occupied the first twenty years of his reign, necessitated constant vigilance and the frequent presence of an overawing force. In 1085, the threat of a Danish invasion, invited by the Saxon rebels, summoned him in haste from Normandy. No adequate system of defences existing in England at this time, William's simple plan of operations in the present emergency was to quarter his cavalry and infantry (Norman and Breton) on the refractory people, and to devastate the seaboard, so as to deprive the invaders of sustenance. As it happened, the alarm was needless: bribery from without, and mutiny from within, annihilated the Danish fleet before it left port. The Saxons essayed no further rebellion of importance, and William was then for the first time in reality a conqueror.

He was now in a position to "take stock" of his acquired possession; his recent experience having only given him sufficient insight into its condition to show the need of more. The working of the feudal system that he had established was clearly defective; but which were its weak points? The defensive organization of the country was no less imperfect; but where could reforms be best applied? How far had the distribution of the Norman element amid the Saxon population, which had been attempted immediately after the battle of Hastings, been actually effected? Last, but not least, what capacities existed in the country for increasing the annual revenue? No satisfactory answers to these queries could be furnished in the eleventh century by any such machinery as we now possess. The band of "enumerators," which on the 8th of April, 1861, simultaneously obtained the returns to the census from all the households in England, was probably ten times larger than the entire section of the population qualified for a similar task in 1085. Education of the most rudimentary character was then confined to the clergy and a few favoured laymen of rank, and postal communication did not exist even in embryo. No available method for obtaining the desired result can be suggested as superior to that actually employed by William. A limited number of itinerant commissioners was appointed by the king under the title of Justiciaries. Only the names of the four to whom the Midland counties were committed are now extant:—Remigius, Bishop of Lincoln; Walter Giffard, Earl of Buckingham; Henry de Ferrers; and Adam, brother of Eudo, the king's steward.

As Normans, and nominees of the Crown, the reports of these officers on the general state of the kingdom might be safely accepted as trustworthy. Their faculties and opportunities of observation, however, being inadequate to the task of estimating local peculiarities, William availed himself of the existing organization of government to supply the defect. The commissioners were empowered to summon before them the sheriff of each county, the lord of each manor, the presbyter of each church, the reeve of each hundred, the bailiff and six

villans of every village, and examine them upon oath. The intermixture of Norman settlers with the Saxon population was probably sufficiently uniform throughout the country to justify reliance upon the average verdicts of the juries thus chosen. The queries put to them were briefly these: the name of each place; the names of its owners in the time of Edward the Confessor (the last legitimate Saxon king), and at the present time; the number of hides in the manor; the quantity of demesne land; the number and quality of the tenants; the extent of their holdings; the nature and cultivation of the soil; the number of mills, fishponds, &c.; the gross values of the manor in the time of the Confessor, at the date of the Conquest, and at the present time; and the opinion of the jury whether the value last named were capable of increase.

The work thus marked out was undertaken with such despatch that its completion was effected in about a year. Certain important omissions from the survey are, however, observable, only some of which are capable of explanation. In a few cases, lands which the king had rendered tax-free are, therefore, unsurveyed; but no invariable rule is observed in this respect: in other cases, no return of quantity was made for want of an accurate estimate existing. Some districts, London, for instance, may have been omitted on account of information respecting them already existing, or of their being under immediate observation. Durham may have been excluded because of the special privileges of jurisdiction enjoyed by its bishop palatine; but the omission of Northumberland and the greater part of Cumberland and Westmoreland, seems inadequately accounted for by the wasted condition in which William's recent inroad had left them: probably he had seen enough of them to need no further information.

The Justiciaries having concluded their reports, forwarded them to Winchester, where they were arranged into the form in which they are now preserved. The technical title of the volume thus compiled, appears from contemporary records to have been the *Description of all England*, but its popular name was then, as now, the *Domesday Book*. Of the various explanations of this term which the ingenuity of etymologists has framed, we incline to think that of Cowel the best. It is admitted on all hands that the most usual and important function of the survey was its authoritative arbitration in questions of disputed tenure and rating. The words "doom" and "day" are both Saxon equivalents of "judicium," and their union in the composition of its title thus emphasizes *Domesday Book* as the great judicial record of the age.

Two volumes—the one a folio, the other a quarto, massively bound, studded, clasped, and cased in leathern covers—form the outward integuments of the survey.* The first volume, the folio, is devoted to all the counties save those of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and contains 382 leaves of vellum, closely written on both sides in double columns; the

* A facsimile of these volumes, taken by the new process of photozincography, has been recently published by order of the Master of the Rolls.

second volume includes the remaining counties, and contains 450 leaves, written in single column.

Sir Henry Ellis, in his able *Introduction to Domesday*—to which we have been under great obligations in writing this sketch—thus epitomizes the form of return generally followed:—"The method was first to entitle the estate to its owner, always beginning with *Terra Regis*. The hundred was next specified; then the tenant, with the place; and afterward the description of the property." At the commencement of each county, the capital borough is usually returned first. Then are recorded the names of the landholders, after which follow the detailed descriptions of their several estates. As a specimen of the ordinary form of entry, we subjoin the following, taken from the return for "Herfordshire:—"

"Terra Abbatis de Ely. In Bradewatre hund. Abbas de Ely teñ Hetfelle. p xl. hid se defd. T'ra ē xxx. caſ. In dñio xx. hidæ j ibi sunt ii. caſ j iii. adhuc poſſ fieri. Ibi pbr cū xviii. villis j xviii. bord hnt xx. caſ j adhuc v. caſ poſſ fieri. Ibi xii. coſ j vi. ſervi j iiii. moſ de xlvii. ſoſ j iiii^{or} deñ. Patū x. caſ. Pastura ad peē. Silva ii^o miſ porē j de gſuetud ſilvæ j paſtæ x. ſoſ. In totis valent val j valuit xxv. lib. T.R.E. xxx. lib. Hoc ƿ jacuit j jacet in dñio æccſæ de Ely."

This, being literally interpreted, reads thus:—

"The Land of the Abbot of Ely. In Bradewatre [Broadwater] Hundred. The Abbot of Ely holds Hetfelle [Hatfield]. It is taxed for 40 hides. The land [arable] is 30 carucates. In demesne 20 hides, and there are 2 ploughs, and 3 more can be made [employed]. There is a priest with 18 villans, and 18 bordars, who have 20 ploughs, and 5 ploughs more can be made. There are 12 cottars, and 6 serfs, and 4 mills worth 47s. 4d. Meadow, 10 carucates. Pasture for cattle. Wood for 2,000 pigs, and of the customs of wood and pasture 10s. In all its profits it is and was worth 25l. In the time of King Edward, 30l. This Manor did and doth lie among the demesnes of the church of Ely."

It is difficult to conceive a return more concise, and at the same time more comprehensive, than the foregoing. The terse style and abbreviated form are strikingly illustrative of the practical bent of the Norman writers, as also of the period when learning was the monopoly of a caste, systematically and jealously exclusive.

Before considering in detail the condition of England in the eleventh century, as disclosed in this minute record, it may be well to present the reader with a brief picture of its general aspect. We look on a scene as little resembling the "merrie England" of the sixteenth century, or the busy England of the nineteenth, as it is possible to imagine. Forests and parks of many thousand acres in extent, chiefly composed of oak and beech trees, in whose branches the hawk was encouraged to build, and upon whose dropped acorns and mast innumerable herds of swine were daily driven to feed, covered vast districts, occupied three centuries later by thriving towns, and now by densely crowded cities. The

Eastern counties from Lincoln to Sussex consisted, to a considerable extent, of dreary swamps, overflowed during several months of the year; undrained, except, perhaps, in the neighbourhood of a monastic house; and generally profitless, save for their rank pasture, eels, and wild fowl. Animals now extinct, or rarely to be met with in this island, were then common—such as the wolf, the marten, and the polecat. Where tides of human labour now surge in the centre of the metropolis were tranquil green fields and woodlands. The city of Westminster was then the Isle of Thorney, formed by an arm of the Thames; its abbey and church standing nearly alone, with a wood in the rear which afforded shelter and food for “a thousand swine.” No public or private buildings of considerable size adorned the streets of the largest towns, or any rural district; with the exception of a few royal and baronial castles, and a somewhat larger number of monastic houses, cathedrals, and churches. A few simple architectural features, impossible to be mistaken, were apparent throughout these edifices: the mount and keep of a ruined castle, the round-headed arch and chevron ornament of a cathedral or church porch, are memoranda of the period still spared to us. The seats of our country gentlemen were then four-roomed houses, with external staircases, and usually destitute of chimneys or glazed windows; the cottages of the labourers were mud hovels.

The difficulty of recognizing our native soil in the England of Domesday is increased when we turn to its inhabitants. We find them separable into three (if not more) races, akin in blood, but diverse in character. This diversity was most strongly marked in the dominant race. If, in spite of his endeavours to disguise himself by a free use of the razor, the Norman's fair hair and blue eyes still betrayed his brotherhood to the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Dane, his active temperament, love of dainty apparel, elegant banquets and romantic minstrelsy, at least offered a complete contrast to their indolent, sensual, and barbaric grossness. In the quality of brute courage, indeed, the Norman might be no match for his opponents; but, untempered by discipline and uninspired by enterprise, they could only doggedly resist, and when that was in vain, doggedly submit. The contemptuous unconcern with which the Conqueror possessed himself of the fairest manors in the realm, and monopolized the best offices in Church and State for his followers, is consonant with this diversity. There were no elements in the Saxon thane capable of being developed into the Norman baron; he could only be removed or degraded. The Conqueror's superior wisdom is at the same time apparent in the respect which he showed for all that was admirable in the Saxon polity and legislation; which, especially when hallowed by the sanction of the Confessor's authority, was amalgamated with the Norman system. No violent disruption of popular habits was attempted; for though Norman-French was the language of the Court, Saxon was employed by the Conqueror himself in many of his charters, and Latinized Saxon words expressing local technicalities perpetually occur in *Domesday Book*.

Not less antagonistic must have been the ordinary avocations of the dominant and the conquered races. Even in times of peace the Norman baron, as a ruler with a precarious tenure of power, had need to go armed, in readiness at any moment for the field; the routine of military exercises with his squires and men-at-arms was doubtless, therefore, his regular business; as the occasional supervision of the Saxon villans who tilled his demesne-lands, or the adjudication of disputes at his manorial court, occupied his leisure. The Saxon thane, when suffered to dwell unmolested on his diminished patrimony, felt himself an alien in his own land; though subject to the same feudal requirements as the Normans, he would take no interest in the task of preparation for a campaign which might be fratricidal, and could scarcely prove beneficial to himself; agricultural pursuits were, therefore, his sole resource. The Norman freeholder, when not the minister of a baron, aped his dignity on a smaller scale; while the Saxon householder, if not content to till the soil as the vassal of a foreign lord, must needs turn his energies to trade: as the burgess of a town, he had some hopes of passing a quiet existence, safe from the persecution of his rulers, if not from their contempt and greed. The Normans were not "a nation of shopkeepers;" but, though despising the indignity, well appreciated the profit of the counter and till. Most of the Saxon customs enjoyed by the existing cities and boroughs were confirmed by William, on the payment of a round composition.

The paucity and simplicity of the trades then followed are not a sufficiently accurate indication of the extent to which civilization had advanced. The women of each household were its ordinary manufacturers, and in most cases superseded the necessity of employing the baker, the brewer, the weaver, or the tailor, for the supply of daily wants. The smith, the tanner, and the carpenter were no doubt to be found in every town, and the larger and wealthier populations of London, York, and Winchester probably developed a fuller list of demands which met with an adequate supply. The independent "manufacturing interest" of England, so far as we have been able to discover from *Domesday*, was represented by the clothworkers and the potters; two incidental notices of whom occur. Certain individuals are also mentioned as skilled in special branches of artistic industry, such as goldsmiths and embroiderers. It is probable that the monastic houses contained a large number of frocked and tonsured artisans, who, as amateurs, passed unrecorded, but whose labours met with extensive patronage from the nobility.

If to this summary of the social characteristics of the country we add that its political condition presented the aspect of a despotism, wherein the sovereign was but the general of an army, on the obedience of whose officers he had only the hold of personal influence; and that its religious condition consisted in the performance of an elaborate system of ceremonial rituals, whereby a dominant clergy controlled an illiterate laity—we shall exhaust the broader features of dissimilarity between the England of 1085 and the England of 1863. The details, however, of the

national status afforded in the transcript of *Domesday* deserve a close inspection, as they demonstrate the real nature of the change effected by the Norman conquest. The rough impression that we have already obtained has shown us the antagonism of race, and a minuter observation will show the factitious amalgamation which it was the Conqueror's great work to accomplish by the agency of feudalism.

The conditions of social rank enumerated in the survey are very numerous: a distinct gradation is observable at the commencement of the scale, but it cannot be detected throughout. The dignitaries of the Church, bishops and abbots, occupy the first place, in virtue of their office; the Norman barons rank next, as the immediate freeholders or tenants-in-chief of the king; and the thanes, or Saxon barons, follow. Of these last there were, probably, three orders in Saxon times, and two under the Norman régime, viz. barons and vavasors. Sir Walter Scott's Cedric, in *Ivanhoe*, is a type of the baronialthane. The vavasors seem seldom to have been recognized under that denomination: they were freeholders inferior to the barons; probably not tenants of the king in chief, but of a mesne lord, and they subsequently merged into the general body of freeholders. Thus, Chaucer, in the fourteenth century, refers to the title as synonymous with "franklin," or country gentleman:—"Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour." Next ranked the *alorarii*, or tenants of allodial land, i. e. of a free hereditary estate, which, though subject to certain feudal charges, the owner had power to dispose of by gift or sale. These estates, both from the names of the tenants and from their locality, seem to have been held exclusively by Saxons. As "allodium" was generally descendible to all the sons of a deceased tenant, it is probable that the gavelkind lands of Kent are remnants of this species of property.

The ranks of "milites" and "liberi homines" are vaguely recognizable, inasmuch as both terms are used in *Domesday* to signify diverse classes of persons: the one, in the words of Sir H. Ellis, "sometimes implying a soldier or mere military servant, and sometimes a person of higher distinction;" the other "signifying not merely the freemen or freeholders of a manor, but occasionally including all persons holding in military tenure." Speaking generally, "miles" in the survey stands for a knight, whether of the king or of a mesne lord; "liber homo," in like manner, signifies freeholder, whether of the king in chief or of a mesne lord. The context of the passage in any given instance must decide the precise meaning. The socmen, who came next in order, were inferior landholders within the "soc" or liberty of a superior lord: though not absolutely freemen, their services to the lord were certain, and they could not be ousted from their tenements at his pleasure. The word "soc" is still preserved in socage, the tenure upon which all lands in England are now holden. The radmen, or radchenistres, whose names occasionally occur, were probably socmen who were bound to serve the lord on horseback, if required.

We now come to the manifold and perplexed diversities of servile

tenure, or villenage. The villan (whose name is derivable either from *vilis*, the character of his condition, or *villa*, the place of his abode) was either "*regardant*," that is, annexed to the land, or "in gross," that is, attached to the person of the lord. In the one case, he could be sold only as a chattel of the manor; in the other, he could be transferred from one lord to another. But within these two leading divisions there were numerous varieties. The "*coliberti*," or "*bures*," seem to have been a privileged body of villans, approximating to freemen in the nature of their services, but differing from them in respect that such services were the arbitrary stipulations of the lord. The "*bordarii*" were cottagers (from the Saxon *bord*, a cottage), who in return for a permissive enjoyment of their tenements, rendered various menial services to the lord. The "*coscets*," "*cottarii*," and "*cotmanni*," were all likewise cottagers, who paid rent and did service for their tenements, but "the shade of difference" between them, according to Sir H. Ellis, "is undiscoverable." Low as each of these grades may appear, there was one yet lower; the class of "*servi*," or absolute bondmen: the women of this grade are styled, in the survey, "*ancillæ*." Herein were probably included what we should call farm-labourers, shepherds, ploughmen, dairy-maids, and the like. The distinction between the villan and the serf seems to have been one of degree only: the tenure of both was servile; but whereas the former, whether *regardant*, or in gross, was always connected with the possession of a tenement which he could call a home, the latter had no such privilege, and was wholly dependent for his abode and subsistence upon the lord's pleasure. A similar distinction prevailed under the Saxon government.

The feudal system recognized three descriptions of tenure, each characterized by peculiar services. The most independent was that of free-alms, under which most of the religious houses held their lands. This tenure exempted them from all services but prayer for the souls of the founder and his family, and from the greater part of the secular burdens of the State. Tenure by knight-service was the fundamental element of the feudal system, and at the time of *Domesday* was the most prevalent. Whether existing as a bond between the king and his tenants-in-chief, or between them and their vassals, it consisted in the proffer of military aid for a definite period, in proportion to the extent of the holding, during time of war; and its honourable quality was held to arise both from the character and the uncertainty of the service recorded. Homage to the superior lord, which comprehended an oath of perpetual fealty, and periodic attendance or "suit" at his court, were the formal recognitions of this tenure demanded of the tenant. Aids of money, on the special occasions of the lord's being taken prisoner, of his eldest son's attaining the rank of knighthood, and his eldest daughter's marriage; the wardship and matrimonial disposal of the heir when a minor; a "relief" or fine payable by the heir of full age at his father's death; "*primer seizin*," or the first year's profit of the lands (in the case of a tenant-in-chief), and a fine for licence to alienate the estate, were the substantial recognitions of this

tenure. The tenures which the feudists term "grand and petit serjeanty" were of the same honourable nature as knight-service, differing, however, in the special characteristic that their services were rendered to the king's person: such as carrying his spear, holding his stirrup, presenting him with a sword every year, &c. Tenure by socage is the generic title opposed by the feudists to tenure by knight-service, as marked by all those services, whether free or base, which were definite and not precarious: the payment of rent in money, or in kind, is the most ordinary instance. The tenant in free socage was subject to somewhat fewer feudal burdens than were imposed on the military tenant; but this advantage was counterbalanced by the perpetuity of his service, which remained unaffected by the fluctuations of peace and war. Tenancy in villan-socage comprehended the numerous classes already described as differing from each other only in degrees of servitude.

The artificial composition of the political structure thus outlined is worth attention. None of the constitutions which the Abbé Siéyès kept in the pigeon-holes of his bureau could have been more curiously elaborate than this English feudalism: if its machinery be contemplated at one view, it seems incredible that it can ever have worked. Class does not appear linked to class by any of the social laws now known; and might is here the highest right, restrained only so far as is necessary for the preservation of order. Justice, though in theory the substantial basis of legislation, is in practice the flimsy superstructure; the king being the paramount lord of the soil, the sole lawgiver, the arbiter of war and peace, the dispenser of life and death, of liberty and slavery. His great barons, though originally his fellows, are theoretically his servants, and bound to many substantial proofs of allegiance: they cannot sell their lands, or marry, or leave the country, without paying largely for his licence; and personal and pecuniary aids on various pretexts are continually demanded of them. The class below the baronial is dependent on it in a similar manner, and in addition is subject to certain exactions of the Crown. These restraints increase, and their alleviations for the most part diminish in regular proportion as we descend the scale. The members of the lowest rank are all but devoid of individual rights; being only distinguishable from the cattle they tend in that their lives and limbs are nominally under the protection of the law.

After making every allowance for the brutalizing influence that a condition of servitude, systematic and hereditary, must exert upon the human organization, it is still marvellous that the forefathers of modern Englishmen should have endured for a year, much more for centuries, a despotism so absolute. It would be inexplicable, were there not reason to think both that the system was considerably modified in practice, and that, even when modified, it did not pass current without continual opposition from the suffering classes. In illustration of such modification may be noticed the instances of legal emancipation from serfdom referred to in the survey and elsewhere. The growth of

the burgher class, consequent on the general progress of civilization, tended further to mitigate the severity of feudalism, by diverting industry into new channels. As regards the revolutionary element in English history, it is sufficient to say that its annals deserve a completer elucidation than they have yet received; and the result of further inquiries would, we think, establish the constitutional character of many popular risings that have hitherto been classed among anarchical outbreaks.

The territorial divisions of the country have not materially altered since the era of *Domesday*: the shires now bear the same names, and are nearly of the same extent as then; ridings, wapentakes, hundreds, and rapes, are still recognized, though their original significance is forgotten. The riding is properly treading, or trithing, the third part of a county. The wapentake has its name from weapon-touching, the ordinary mode of voting at the Saxon public assemblies. The hundred is variously explained to mean the extent of a hundred hides of land, a hundred villages, or a hundred persons. Rape signifies a district, probably of military jurisdiction. The Last, a term confined in the survey to Kent, is still preserved in the Lath-Court regularly held for the government of Romney Marsh.

Of the cities and boroughs returned in *Domesday*, about forty are surveyed with great minuteness: these are the cases, already mentioned, where peculiar privileges existed which had been confirmed to the citizens by William. Some of the customs are curious, but want of space forbids our specifying them. Most, if not all, the boroughs were market towns; though the franchise of a market was often appurtenant to a rural manor by special charter. Few towns appear to have been walled at this period, and still fewer moated. The ravages of war had been severely felt; York, Derby, Winchester, and other places, being reduced to little more than half their former size. As many as fifty castles are enumerated in various parts of the kingdom, about half the number having been recently erected.

The characteristic features of the manor (which was the typical form of territorial division under the feudal system) were the demesnes, cultivated by the lord's bondmen for his benefit, and the lands apportioned by him to his free tenants. The term "vill" is sometimes applied in *Domesday* to a manor or lordship, in a kindred sense to which we retain it. A hamlet or member of a manor was often called a "berwick" (literally, corn-farm); to this probably answered the grange of a monastic house, the name of which is still attached to old buildings in some parts of the country. The lord's chief residence or mansion-house is termed in *Domesday* his "hall" or "court," both familiar titles to us. It was usual for him to entrust the management of his estate to a bailiff or reeve: this functionary collected and distrained for his master's rents, kept the peace, prevented trespasses within the manor, and presided on occasion at the manorial court; his underling was styled "bedel," a name under various spellings still extant. The average extent of civil

and criminal jurisdiction enjoyed by a feudal lord was embraced in the four franchises known by the Saxon terms of "sac," "soc," "theam," and "infangtheofe." The first was the power of hearing and determining disputes among the tenants; the second was the precinct within which such power was exercised; the third was the right of possessing and governing hereditary villans and their progeny; and the fourth was the privilege of seizing and judging any thief within the fee: the franchise of a gallows was generally appurtenant to the last-named privilege.

Passing to the physical characteristics of England, as disclosed in the returns of the several manors, we find five denominations of land—"Terra," uniformly applied to arable land; "*silva*," or "*nemus*," woodland; "*pastura*," cattle pasture; "*pratun*," meadow land for hay; "*mariscus*," marsh land. The arable land in each return takes the prominence due to its value. Its extent is generally given in hides and carucates, measures of uncertain amount, but both having reference to the quantity which one plough was sufficient to cultivate; the actual number of ploughs is then returned, and, where this is unequal to the capability of the soil, an estimate of the deficit is generally added. Oxen were the ordinary, if not the only, animals employed in ploughing, and wheat seems to have been the grain chiefly grown. Woodland is an item of much importance in *Domesday*, less for its value in respect of timber, than for its yield of acorns and mast, termed pannage, upon which the countless herds of swine then kept in England wholly subsisted: payments by tenants for licence to depasture swine in the lord's wood formed a considerable share of his revenue. Wood, however, as available for building and other purposes, is often enumerated in the survey; the oak, the beech, the elm, the ash, the alder, and the willow being particularly mentioned. Under the term "assart" is designated woodland "grubbed up" for the purpose of cultivation.

The repeated mention of pasture in the survey attests the immemorial reputation of England as the paradise of graziers; the Southdowns, dear to mutton-lovers, are not without a record here. "At Sunburne, in Hampshire, the king's bailiff claimed for the manor a virgate of land, *et pascuam quam vocant Dunam*."—(Ellis, p. xxxii.) Meadow, where named without qualification, must be taken to mean hay-fields; where associated with oxen, the quantity of pasture set apart for their use is intended. Marsh land occurs chiefly in the returns from the Eastern counties; and the rents seem to have been paid in eels, as the main source of profit.

Only seven forests are enumerated in *Domesday*, though it is probable that the whole number then existing was very large: the omission of so many was, no doubt, due to the difficulty of assessing their value, which arose not from timber, or pannage, but "vert and venison." The New Forest, as the Conqueror's recent creation, is returned in fullest detail; and the reference made to several ancient manors within its precincts, corroborates the testimony of contemporary chroniclers to William's unscrupulous

pulous seizure of his subjects' property. Though forests were held to belong to the crown, parks, with the liberty of sporting therein, were frequently enjoyed by the greater barons, among whose retainers huntsmen are commonly enumerated. In the Western Counties, "*haie*," or haws, are sometimes mentioned; these were hedged enclosures used for the capture of game. Domesday describes vineyards of considerable extent in various counties, some of which seem to have been highly productive. A large monastery was rarely without a vineyard on its demeane: a fact which fairly leads to the inference that wine of English growth was by no means of despicable quality.

The mill, which now forms such a leading feature in our landscapes, was scarcely less familiar to an observer in the eleventh century: it was invariably appurtenant to a manor, the tenants being forbidden to grind their corn out of the precincts. The produce of a manorial mill was often large, being derived both from the payments in money or grain made by the tenants, and from the fishery of the mill-stream; water was the only motive power then employed. The earliest mention of a wind-mill in this island is said to be of the date of Richard the First, a century after *Domesday*.

Next to the mill, the fishery was the most important item of produce in a manor. The herring-fisheries of the Eastern counties were as famous then as now; and the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, found their herring-fishery of Sandwich a very comfortable source of sustenance for the inner man upon fast days: its annual yield to the refectory was not less than 40,000. The ecclesiastics of St. Peter's, Winchester, obtained nearly the same number from their manor of Lewes, Sussex; and the villans of the little village of "Bristelmestone," which it is hard to recognize in the modern Brighton, paid a yearly rent of 4,000 to their lord. Salmon, lampreys, and eels, were also fish largely in repute at this time; the Severn and the Wye being then, as now, famed for the former. Private fish-ponds, called "vivaries," were usually formed in the demesnes of religious houses.

Of the mineral products of the country, iron and lead are returned in *Domesday*; the former in several counties, the latter in Derbyshire only. Sir H. Ellis explains the silence of the survey touching the tin-mines of Cornwall (which were in full work before the Roman conquest), by the fact that the county was laid waste by the Danes in 997, and again by the sons of Harold in 1068. A century after *Domesday* we find the mines once more profitable. Salt works are frequently returned: those on the sea-coast were no doubt pans for the evaporation of sea-water; those inland, refineries of salt-springs. "At the time of forming the survey, rock or fossil salt was not known in England. The first pits of it were accidentally discovered in Cheshire—on the very spot where *Domesday* mentions brine-springs—as late as the year 1670."

Touching the ecclesiastical condition of England, *Domesday* is a less valuable exponent than we have in other respects found it. Reference is

only made to about 1,700 churches, although the existence of a much larger number is certain from contemporary evidence: but it formed no part of the duty of the commissioners to make inquiries on this subject. From incidental allusions, we are able to learn that the church of the eleventh century was usually a manorial appurtenance, founded in many cases by the lord, and endowed at his pleasure with tithes. More than a century elapsed before Pope Innocent III. decreed the absolute consecration of parochial tithes to the parish churches of England. The humble position of the secular clergy at the date of the survey is shown by the frequent enumeration of priests among the villans of a manor. That the priesthood belonged to the lowest ranks of society at least as late as the fourteenth century, is indeed certain: thus Chaucer correctly represents the "personne of a toun" and the "plowman" as brothers.

The illustration of contemporary manners furnished in *Domesday*, though scanty, is not without interest. In several leading features we find the rudimentary Englishman of the eleventh century resembling his developed descendant of the nineteenth. Gifted with firm will, warm passions, and strong muscles, which, owing to a profound ignorance of natural laws, he was unable to direct aright, no wonder that he often erred into violent and profligate excesses. Yet the sentiments of justice and order, of devotion and charity, if too weak to leaven, were powerful enough to tinge his political system and daily habit of life. Thus, for example, the custom of trying by ordeal a prisoner accused of crime was founded upon an honest though superstitious persuasion that God would thereby declare the right. The sanctity of marriage is recognized in several passages of the survey; and allusion is once made to the forfeiture of an estate, incurred by a widow who married within a year after her husband's death. The perpetual references to grants of land made to the Church in free alms, attest the devotion of the laity quite as strongly as the rapacity of the clergy; and the practice of ratifying the seisin of land by presenting a gift to the altar, is an instance of the infusion of a religious element into secular business. Finally, the Englishman of 1085 proclaimed his paternity to us by evincing the same love of field-sports and good-fellowship which it is our boast to cherish. Hunting and hawking were then the recreations of the upper classes, the Church and the nobility. A brachet (the ordinary term for a hound) was held so valuable as to be intrusted to the special custody of a tenant who enjoyed his land by the service of rearing its litters. Aeries of hawks are mentioned in various places, and a hawk is sometimes estimated at not less than 10*l.*, a sum equal to nearly 200*l.* of our present money. With horse, hound, and hawk, our forefathers took such vigorous exercise as well entitled them to the good cheer of beef, mutton, and pork, bread, butter, and cheese, wine, ale, and mead, that we find them enjoying. We cannot more fitly conclude this epitome of *Domesday Book* than by a reference to the kindly custom then prevalent, and not yet obsolete, of drinking the "*poculum charitatis*" at the close of a banquet.

Unctuous Memories.

I MUST not be understood as habitually indifferent to the eatables and drinkables which, with periodical punctuality, appeal to my appetite: far from it! Those intensely ethereal natures who express indifference to flavours, are no friends of mine. They receive no homage at my hands. As Charles Lamb wittily says: "*I am no Quaker at my food.*" I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it affecting not to know what he is eating. *I suspect his taste in higher matters."*

Let us, therefore, understand each other. I enjoy my food, and am not to be caught blushing at the avowal; a good dinner, a good luncheon, nay, when moved to a reckless disregard of the morrow by stimulated social sensibilities, even a good *supper* holds out charms which I pretend not to resist. But it is nevertheless a fact—which Philosophy may explain if she can, and if she can't, may pronounce to be a first truth—that with this ready disposition towards enjoyment, and with what, superficially viewed, may seem ample means for gratifying it, there are few meals which are thoroughly enjoyed *as* meals. I do not speak of humdrum occasions, dinners which appear with a mild recurrent mediocrity, enough to satisfy the periodical cravings, but without any appeals to higher enthusiasm. I speak of meals ostentatiously above the line; set occasions; premeditated efforts. These, when successful—and they are not always saved from failure—draw their success from accessory and quite extraneous sources. The meal has become a banquet. The pleasure is drawn from the geniality of the guests, or the splendours of the table, not from the unadulterated relish of food as food. It is this gusto of the meal as a solitary and isolated pleasure, equally apart from the mere vulgar vigour of appetite, and the visionary glamour of geniality or splendour, which I find to be so rare.

In travelling backwards along the confused tracks of memory, my mind pauses at certain places, and at each pause a sense of remembered enjoyment steals deliciously over me. Certain festal occasions are singled out when meals were emphatically "enjoyed:" but they are few. They were not festal in the ordinary sense; for, as just hinted, the simplicity of the meal as a meal must not be perplexed by extraneous enjoyments. Although I have dined with many people, and in many lands; with very considerable persons, and with persons of no consideration; with gourmets, and with lavish entertainers; not one of these dinners is recalled as a meal. It is not at the Café de Paris, nor at Greenwich, that memory lingers lovingly.

Compared with the most magnificent "spread" which it has been my lot to assist at, there is a dinner I recall in the Ratcliffe Highway, which is as venison unto veal, as Beethoven to Balfe.

That dinner was eaten at an oyster-stall. It was simply composed, but *simplex munditiis*! The *carte du jour* ran thus: One penny loaf (a "penny buster" used to be the name, perhaps is so still), and one penny-worth of oysters, namely, five, with vinegar and pepper à *discretion*. And for wine—there was youth, health, high hopes, and careless content; and these give water a flavour not to be drawn from any other bin.

Do not too hastily rush to the conclusion that this dinner remains in my memory because of its piquant contrast with the luxury of daily feasts. Such contrast as there was rose solely out of the oysters. My ordinary dinner was a penny loaf. The molluscs were a debauch. In those pinched yet happy days, when I was a clerk in the city, my dinner allowance was one shilling daily; and this shilling a fond mother blindly believed was invested thus:—

A plate of hot meat	d.
Potatoes	6
Pudding, or tart.....	1
Bread	3
Waiter.....	1
	1

And in the early days of my commercial education this *was* the regular investment; but in progress of time my investments became less and less systematic, and the eating-house keepers found one source of their ill-gotten wealth seriously threatened by the development of a new appetite—that of knowledge. Although I had the hunger of youth, and decidedly belonged to the carnivora, there were sirens at the second-hand bookstalls whose voices were not to be withstood. My dinners dwindled to a penny loaf, with an occasional relish in the shape of a sausage. It was remarked in those days that my tea and supper displayed a vigour of appetite only to be expected from a "growing youth." Luckily for me I had not money allowed me for those meals.

How vividly that oyster-stall in Ratcliffe Highway rises on the horizon! It is not a picturesque spot; by no means æsthetical in its suggestions, yet how it is painted upon memory! There on the left hand is the tub with oysters, and the deal board on which range vinegar cruet and pepper-box. With the supreme grace of accomplished ease the red-nosed merchant offers me the succulent molluscs—none of your pigmy "natives," so contemptible as to offer no surface for a juicy bite—but large and liberal animals, apparently of the kind described by the American as requiring two men to swallow one whole; these honest mouthfuls I liberally drench with vinegar, powder deftly with pepper, and swallow with quick palpitating gusto, which diffuses a sensuous delight through the whole frame, making the very boots of hobbledehoyhood thrill with the sensation! This was unadulterated flavour. It was unperplexed by obtrusive splendours of glass and silver, by the attentions of other

people's flunkies, or dismal clergymen from Gunter's. It was a dinner *al fresco*. It had the eminent advantage of cheapness, was not too abundant in quantity, and was intensified by the keenness of youthful appetite. What French cook will ever give me such a sensation as that?

Another glorious occasion I remember. The early grey of dawn was glimmering over the Southampton streets. We had just arrived from Jersey in the sailing packet (those were the days of sailing packets, which cannot now be contemplated without a shudder), and while our seniors were looking after the baggage, or had gone to bed in the hotel, my brother and I walked briskly up the old familiar High Street. Suddenly we came upon a stall, whence arose the steam of Early Purl, or Salop, flattering our senses. Ye Gods! what a breakfast! In vain a cautious scepticism suggests that the liquid was one which my palate would *now* shudderingly reject; perhaps so; I did not reject it *then*; and in memory the flavour is beatified. I feel its diffusive warmth stealing through me. I taste its unaccustomed and exquisite flavour. Tea is great, coffee greater; chocolate, properly made, is for epicures; but these are thin and characterless compared with the salop swallowed in 1826. That *was* nectar, and the Hebe who poured it out was *not* a bleared old woman, though to vulgar vision she may have presented some such aspect.

Vastly as this breakfast was enjoyed, I have never renewed my acquaintance with Early Purl, or Salop, whichever it was (if the two are not indeed one), and I only assume that it was one of these liquids from what I have subsequently learned. Charles Lamb, for example, in his essay on chimney-sweepers tells us, "There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it, I have never ventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin, a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with avidity. This is salop—the precocious herbwoman's darling—the delight of the early gardener who transports his smoking cabbages from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and oh! I fear too often the envy of the unpennied sweep." No herbwoman, no sweep, ever relished the fragrant liquid as I did on that memorable day. Why?

One more boyish reminiscence shall suffice for my present theme. It is of a breakfast at an early coffee-shop somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Lunatic Asylum. My geography is excusably vague, for I do not know at whose house I had been dancing all night. It was one of my first balls. I was taken there by a friend, who had procured invitations for my brother and myself—to our great delight when the invitations came, but to my torture when I learned, as quickly I did learn, that I was to present myself in—a jacket! My mother, unmoved by the solemnity

of the occasion, pitilessly refused to order a tail-coat for me, on the irrational pretext that I was not yet out of jackets. In vain I remonstrated, stormed, and pleaded; that hideous, but much-coveted, garment was denied me. My wrath flamed up into a threat of *not* going to the ball; but as that threat seemed to create no serious alarm, it was quietly withdrawn. The expected day arrived; and with the bitterness of envy I saw my brother arrayed in the enviable splendour of a swallowtail, and was forced to content myself with a jacket which had no approach to manliness. It was with dreadful misgivings as to "what the girls would think of me" that I entered the ball-room; but quickly discovering that the girls did not trouble themselves at all about the matter, I gave myself up to the pleasures of the evening. It is a cruel thing to be a boy, unless you are among boys. Girls are so pitilessly indifferent to your aspirations; and men (very wisely) get out of your way. Yet in spite of my disadvantages I had a fair share of partners that night—some girls were conquered by the resolute audacity with which I invited them; others because they preferred standing up with a boy to not dancing at all; and some few because they felt a gentle, half-maternal pleasure in patronizing a boy. The jacket troubles were forgotten; and even they would have been endurable for the sake of the supper I ate. You may imagine how lobster salad and open tart filled up the pauses of chicken and trifle, how tipsy-cake and white soup mingled with blanchmange and strawberries in one ravenous pell-mell; but although I have a dim idea of an enormous supper, I have no vivid remembrance of any flavour. *That* was to come. After supper, the dancing became fast and furious. The curtains were withdrawn, and admitted the early sunbeams to light up with somewhat ghastly effect the worn and jaded cheeks of the mothers, and the fast-fading splendour of the daughters. On quitting this gay and festive scene, this hall of dazzling light, we set out to walk home, a distance of some six miles. Soon after we passed the Lunatic Asylum, we espied a coffee-shop. The proposition to breakfast there was joyously agreed to; and in a few minutes a rasher of bacon and a cup of coffee smoked before us, the flavour of which haunts me to this day. Why is it that no bacon has since had that aroma, and that penetrating flavour? Or was the effect purely subjective? And if subjective, did it depend on the contrast between the breakfast and its scene, with the supper and *its* scene, or on our riotous animal spirits which not even six hours' dancing could damp? or was there some subtle physiological preparation of conditions, making the palate unusually sensitive? These be questions.

An inconsiderate reader will answer that the whole mystery lies in youth and appetite; and in this answer the reader displays his imperfect induction; for why are not all, or many of the meals eaten during a vigorous youth equally memorable? Besides, as my record advances he will see that some memorable occasions appear when youth had long departed, and when appetite was feeble. Notably is this the case with a leg of mutton at Dover. I had been long absent from England, and had

consequently almost lost the sense of mutton, having cheated appetite with *Rindfleisch* and *Kalbsbraten* (if these were not old slippers and book-covers, mysteriously *accommodés*) until mutton became a myth. The Calais steamer had just flung me ashore; in a state of concentrated misanthropy, and a general sense of the worthlessness of existence, I walked into the coffee-room of the *Lord Warden*, where a leg of South-down was quickly set before me. O wondrous herbivore, what flesh is thine! Great Lyric of the downs! What a sensation was that of the first mouthful—as of a man passing into beatification! Mutton? It was ambrosia! It was on this food that Olympus feasted; and no wonder that the gods were joyous and carelessly immortal. Fugitive flavours, stirring the senses into the higher raptures of music, why are ye so rare?

Now if the reader will only picture to himself the intense prosaicalness of the scene and its accessories, he will perceive that while, on the one hand, there was neither youth nor appetite, on the other there was neither poetry nor splendour to reflect their influence on this dinner. The sea had been turbulent, and my stomach had been anything but quiet; I was green, headachy, morose. The scene had the liveliness usually noticed in the coffee-rooms of English hotels: silent English parties scattered about it, dining grimly, and speaking in whispers; English waiters, so oppressive to the finer sensibilities; and, as a background, the lingering remembrance of that horrible steamer, quivering, shivering, groaning, moaning, and pitching. This surely was no scene for enjoyment.

It is otherwise with a dinner I remember on the borders of a lake in the Tyrol. We are three joyous travellers: a Frenchman, a Hungarian, and myself. We have been for some days rambling amid scenes of sequestered loveliness, and have on this day been walking up to that point where fatigue does not destroy appetite, but enhances the luxury of repose. We are seated under a broad-spreading tree, beside a charming lake; the air is soft and balmy; and the scent of the roast kid and honey, which, with black bread and salad, is our bill of fare, steals gratefully over the senses. What flavour in that kid, what cooling sharpness in the salad! If I were to dine thus to-day, I should probably think both detestable. Why do I remember that dinner? Was it the accessory charm of mountain, lake, and sky—was it the previous exercise, and the mountain air—was it the tender light of the setting sun, or the prospect of being rowed across the lake in indolent repose by two stout women, now preparing the boat? None of these; for all of these had been enjoyed in the Tyrol before, and have been since; yet the only dinner vividly remembered throughout the Tyrol is this particular one of roast kid and honey.

Of course contrast goes for much, but not for all. The effect of exercise is also an element; but it explains nothing alone. There is a peculiar conjuncture required—a fitness in the organism, and a peculiarity in the food. Such a fitness occurred, a few years since, in the Thuringian forest, when a certain wild boar's head spoke eloquently to my sensibilities.

Often had I eaten that noble swine before—eaten it with approval, nay, with esteem; but never before did it so insidiously flatter the finer propensities of my palate. My wife and I had sent on our luggage by the *malleposte*, having resolved to walk the two first stations, in order to enjoy the scenery and the bright autumnal morning. We started at six, in a high September wind, and spanked along, all sails set, for four hours and a half, including a brief siesta over a cup of coffee. It was a superb walk, and from it we extracted supreme enjoyment. On reaching Arnstadt, we were agreeably fatigued, and rather disagreeably hungry; so that the announcement of "dinner at twelve," when our watches painfully assured us it was only half-past ten, was somewhat depressing; however, there was no alternative; we were too tired to walk, and the only means of beguiling the time was looking through old newspapers and periodicals. At length *table d'hôte* was ready. What else there may have been I do not remember, but never will the flavour of that boar's head vanish from memory. Something may have been due to a sympathetic pleasure in my wife's first acquaintance with the noble viand. Be that as it may, the science of Apicius or Brillat-Savarin never invented anything more delicately flattering to the palate.

The reader is a philosopher, and with that restless curiosity which is always prying behind facts in the hope of detecting the strings of the puppets, wishes to discover the First Principles, or *ἀρχαί*, of this subject. "Why," he asks himself, or *me*, "these exceptions? Why are so many meals *eaten*, and so few *enjoyed*?" It is indeed a delicate problem. Many delightful dinners, and many enjoyable breakfasts pass away and leave no trace; why should a few persist? One understands how all the delicacies of the season may be rendered indifferent because of the greater attractions in the accessories; but it is not easy to say why food as food should on certain occasions assume an unapproached pre-eminence. At my Ratcliffe Highway dinner there was assuredly none of the exhilarating effect of brilliant company, nor the infinitely deeper charm which beams from a pair of loving eyes. All the glory came from the oysters; the gustatory vibrations came from them. But why? I am no Dando, passionately susceptible to the charms of that bivalve. Far from it. Oysters do not excite in me more than a tepid preference. Were these oysters of a quite peculiar succulence, at five a penny? One may reasonably answer, No.

If the reader can see his way to a solution, I can't. I believe it is a first truth. Just as Music and Poetry are not always enjoyed by us with the exquisite rapture of certain moments, though in all moods we may be susceptible to them, so must it be with that other and less recognized Fine Art—the Art of Eating. We are creatures of delicate and variable sensibility, and are not always attuned to the higher raptures of Flavour, though every day we may be agreeably susceptible to food. The golden moments are rare. Can Science teach us to recover and multiply them?

Cousin Phillis.

PART I.

It is a great thing for a lad when he is first turned into the independence of lodgings. I do not think I ever was so satisfied and proud in my life as when, at seventeen, I sate down in a little three-cornered room above a pastry-cook's shop in the county town of Eltham. My father had left me that afternoon, after delivering himself of a few plain precepts, strongly expressed, for my guidance in the new course of life on which I was entering. I was to be a clerk under the engineer who had undertaken to make the little branch line from Eltham to Hornby. My father had got me this situation, which was in a position rather above his own in life; or perhaps I should say, above the station into which he was born and bred; for he was raising himself every year in men's consideration and respect. He was a mechanic by trade, but he had some inventive genius, and a great deal of perseverance, and had devised several valuable improvements in railway machinery. He did not do this for profit, though, as was reasonable, what came in the natural course of things was acceptable; he worked out his ideas because, as he said, "until he could put them into shape, they plagued him by night and by day." But this is enough about my dear father; it is a good thing for a country where there are many like him. He was a sturdy Independent by descent and conviction; and this it was, I believe, which made him place me in the lodgings at the pastry-cook's. The shop was kept by the two sisters of our minister at home; and this was considered as a sort of safeguard to my morals, when I was turned loose upon the temptations of the county town, with a salary of thirty pounds a year.

My father had given up two precious days, and put on his Sunday clothes, in order to bring me to Eltham, and accompany me first to the office, to introduce me to my new master (who was under some obligations to my father for a suggestion), and next to take me to call on the Independent minister of the little congregation at Eltham. And then he left me; and though sorry to part with him, I now began to taste with relish the pleasure of being my own master. I unpacked the hamper that my mother had provided me with, and smelt the pots of preserve with all the delight of a possessor who might break into their contents at any time he pleased. I handled and weighed in my fancy the home-cured ham, which seemed to promise me interminable feasts; and, above all, there was the fine savour of knowing that I might eat of these dainties when I liked, at my sole will, not dependent on the pleasure of any one else, however indulgent. I stowed my eatables away in the little corner cup-

board—that room was all corners, and everything was placed in a corner, the fire-place, the window, the cupboard; I myself seemed to be the only thing in the middle, and there was hardly room for me. The table was made of a folding leaf under the window, and the window looked out upon the market-place; so the studies for the prosecution of which my father had brought himself to pay extra for a sitting-room for me, ran a considerable chance of being diverted from books to men and women. I was to have my meals with the two elderly Miss Browns in the little parlour behind the three-cornered shop downstairs; my breakfasts and dinners at least, for, as my hours in an evening were likely to be uncertain, my tea or supper was to be an independent meal.

Then, after this pride and satisfaction, came a sense of desolation. I had never been from home before, and I was an only child; and though my father's spoken maxim had been, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," yet, unconsciously, his heart had yearned after me, and his ways towards me were more tender than he knew, or would have approved of in himself, could he have known. My mother, who never professed sternness, was far more severe than my father: perhaps my boyish faults annoyed her more; for I remember, now that I have written the above words, how she pleaded for me once in my riper years, when I had really offended against my father's sense of right.

But I have nothing to do with that now. It is about cousin Phillis that I am going to write, and as yet I am far enough from even saying who cousin Phillis was.

For some months after I was settled in Eltham, the new employment in which I was engaged—the new independence of my life—occupied all my thoughts. I was at my desk by eight o'clock, home to dinner at one, back at the office by two. The afternoon work was more uncertain than the mornings; it might be the same, or it might be that I had to accompany Mr. Holdsworth, the managing engineer, to some point on the line between Eltham and Hornby. This I always enjoyed, because of the variety, and because of the country we traversed (which was very wild and pretty), and because I was thrown into companionship with Mr. Holdsworth, who held the position of hero in my boyish mind. He was a young man of five-and-twenty or so, and was in a station above mine, both by birth and education; and he had travelled on the Continent, and wore mustachios and whiskers of a somewhat foreign fashion. I was proud of being seen with him. He was really a fine fellow in a good number of ways, and I might have fallen into much worse hands.

Every Saturday I wrote home, telling of my weekly doings—my father had insisted upon this; but there was so little variety in my life that I often found it hard work to fill a letter. On Sundays I went twice to chapel, up a dark narrow entry, to hear droning hymns, and long prayers, and a still longer sermon, preached to a small congregation, of which I was, by nearly a score of years, the youngest member. Occasionally, Mr. Peters, the minister, would ask me home to tea after the

second service. I dreaded the honour, for I usually sate on the edge of my chair all the evening, and answered solemn questions, put in a deep bass voice, until household prayer-time came, at eight o'clock, when Mrs. Peters came in, smoothing down her apron, and the maid-of-all-work followed, and first a sermon, and then a chapter was read, and a long impromptu prayer followed, till some instinct told Mr. Peters that supper-time had come, and we rose from our knees with hunger for our predominant feeling. Over supper the minister did unbend a little into one or two ponderous jokes, as if to show me that ministers were men, after all. And then at ten o'clock I went home, and enjoyed my long-repressed yawns in the three-cornered room before going to bed.

Dinah and Hannah Dawson, so their names were put on the board above the shop-door—I always called them Miss Dawson and Miss Hannah—considered these visits of mine to Mr. Peters as the greatest honour a young man could have; and evidently thought that if, after such privileges, I did not work out my salvation, I was a sort of modern Judas Iscariot. On the contrary, they shook their heads over my intercourse with Mr. Holdsworth. He had been so kind to me in many ways, that when I cut into my ham, I hovered over the thought of asking him to tea in my room, more especially as the annual fair was being held in Eltham market-place, and the sight of the booths, the merry-go-rounds, the wild-beast shows, and such country pomps, was (as I thought at seventeen) very attractive. But when I ventured to allude to my wish in even distant terms, Miss Hannah caught me up, and spoke of the sinfulness of such sights, and something about wallowing in the mire, and then vaulted into France, and spoke evil of the nation, and all who had ever set foot therein, till, seeing that her anger was concentrating itself into a point, and that that point was Mr. Holdsworth, I thought it would be better to finish my breakfast, and make what haste I could out of the sound of her voice. I rather wondered afterwards to hear her and Miss Dawson counting up their weekly profits with glee, and saying that a pastry-cook's shop in the corner of the market-place, in Eltham fair week, was no such bad thing. However, I never ventured to ask Mr. Holdsworth to my lodgings.

There is not much to tell about this first year of mine at Eltham. But when I was nearly nineteen, and beginning to think of whiskers on my own account, I came to know cousin Phillis, whose very existence had been unknown to me till then. Mr. Holdsworth and I had been out to Heathbridge for a day, working hard. Heathbridge was near Hornby, for our line of railway was above half finished. Of course, a day's outing was a great thing to tell about in my weekly letters; and I fell to describing the country—a fault I was not often guilty of. I told my father of the bogs, all over wild myrtle and soft moss, and shaking ground over which we had to carry our line; and how Mr. Holdsworth and I had gone for our mid-day meals—for we had to stay here for two days and a night—to a pretty village hard by, Heathbridge proper; and how

I hoped we should often have to go there, for the shaking, uncertain ground was puzzling our engineers—one end of the line going up as soon as the other was weighted down. (I had no thought for the shareholders' interests, as may be seen; we had to make a new line on firmer ground before the junction railway was completed.) I told all this at great length, thankful to fill up my paper. By return letter, I heard that a second-cousin of my mother's was married to the Independent minister of Hornby, Ebenezer Holman by name, and lived at Heathbridge proper; the very Heathbridge I had described, or so my mother believed, for she had never seen her cousin Phillis Green, who was something of an heiress (my father believed), being her father's only child, and old Thomas Green had owned an estate of near upon fifty acres, which must have come to his daughter. My mother's feeling of kinship seemed to have been strongly stirred by the mention of Heathbridge; for my father said she desired me, if ever I went thither again, to make inquiry for the Reverend Ebenezer Holman; and if indeed he lived there, I was further to ask if he had not married one Phillis Green; and if both these questions were answered in the affirmative, I was to go and introduce myself as the only child of Margaret Manning, born Moneypenny. I was enraged at myself for having named Heathbridge at all, when I found what it was drawing down upon me. One Independent minister, as I said to myself, was enough for any man; and here I knew (that is to say, I had been catechized on Sabbath mornings by) Mr. Hunter, our minister at home; and I had had to be civil to old Peters at Eltham, and behave myself for five hours running whenever he asked me to tea at his house; and now, just as I felt the free air blowing about me up at Heathbridge, I was to ferret out another minister, and I should perhaps have to be catechized by him, or else asked to tea at his house. Besides, I did not like pushing myself upon strangers, who perhaps had never heard of my mother's name, and such an odd name as it was—Moneypenny; and if they had, had never cared more for her than she had for them, apparently, until this unlucky mention of Heathbridge.

Still, I would not disobey my parents in such a trifle, however irksome it might be. So the next time our business took me to Heathbridge, and we were dining in the little sanded inn-parlour, I took the opportunity of Mr. Holdsworth's being out of the room, and asked the questions which I was bidden to ask of the rosy-cheeked maid. I was either unintelligible or she was stupid; for she said she did not know, but would ask master; and of course the landlord came in to understand what it was I wanted to know; and I had to bring out all my stammering inquiries before Mr. Holdsworth, who would never have attended to them, I dare say, if I had not blushed, and blundered, and made such a fool of myself.

"Yes," the landlord said, "the Hope Farm was in Heathbridge proper, and the owner's name was Holman, and he was an Independent minister, and, as far as the landlord could tell, his wife's Christian name was Phillis, anyhow her maiden name was Green."

"Relations of yours?" asked Mr. Holdsworth.

"No, sir—only my mother's second-cousins. Yes, I suppose they are relations. But I never saw them in my life."

"The Hope Farm is not a stone's throw from here," said the officious landlord, going to the window. "If you carry your eye over yon bed of hollyhocks, over the damson-trees in the orchard yonder, you may see a stack of queer-like stone chimneys. Them is the Hope Farm chimneys; it's an old place, though Holman keeps it in good order."

Mr. Holdsworth had risen from the table with more promptitude than I had, and was standing by the window, looking. At the landlord's last words, he turned round, smiling,—*"It is not often that parsons know how to keep land in order, is it?"*

"Beg pardon, sir, but I must speak as I find; and Minister Holman—we call the Church clergyman here 'parson,' sir; he would be a bit jealous if he heard a Dissenter called parson—Minister Holman knows what he's about as well as e'er a farmer in the neighbourhood. He gives up five days a week to his own work, and two to the Lord's; and it is difficult to say which he works hardest at. He spends Saturday and Sunday a-writing sermons and a-visiting his flock at Hornaby; and at five o'clock on Monday morning he'll be guiding his plough in the Hope Farm yonder just as well as if he could neither read nor write. But your dinner will be getting cold, gentlemen."

So we went back to table. After a while, Mr. Holdsworth broke the silence:—"If I were you, Manning, I'd look up these relations of yours. You can go and see what they're like while we're waiting for Dobson's estimates, and I'll smoke a cigar in the garden meanwhile."

"Thank you, sir. But I don't know them, and I don't think I want to know them."

"What did you ask all those questions for, then?" said he, looking quickly up at me. He had no notion of doing or saying things without a purpose. I did not answer, so he continued,—*"Make up your mind, and go off and see what this farmer-minister is like, and come back and tell me—I should like to hear."*

I was so in the habit of yielding to his authority, or influence, that I never thought of resisting, but went on my errand, though I remember feeling as if I would rather have had my head cut off. The landlord, who had evidently taken an interest in the event of our discussion in a way that country landlords have, accompanied me to the house-door, and gave me repeated directions, as if I was likely to miss my way in two hundred yards. But I listened to him, for I was glad of the delay, to screw up my courage for the effort of facing unknown people and introducing myself. I went along the lane, I recollect, switching at all the taller roadside weeds, till, after a turn or two, I found myself close in front of the Hope Farm. There was a garden between the house and the shady, grassy lane; I afterwards found that this garden was called the court; perhaps because there was a low wall round it, with an iron

railing on the top of the wall, and two great gates between pillars crowned with stone balls for a state entrance to the flagged path leading up to the front door. It was not the habit of the place to go in either by these great gates or by the front door; the gates, indeed, were locked, as I found, though the door stood wide open. I had to go round by a side-path lightly worn on a broad grassy way, which led past the court-wall, past a horse-mount, half covered with stone-crop and the little wild yellow fumitory, to another door—"the curate," as I found it was termed by the master of the house, while the front door, "handsome and all for show," was termed the "rector." I knocked with my hand upon the "curate" door; a tall girl, about my own age, as I thought, came and opened it, and stood there silent, waiting to know my errand. I see her now—cousin Phillis. The westering sun shone full upon her, and made a slanting stream of light into the room within. She was dressed in dark blue cotton of some kind; up to her throat, down to her wrists, with a little frill of the same wherever it touched her white skin. And such a white skin as it was! I have never seen the like. She had light hair, nearer yellow than any other colour. She looked me steadily in the face with large, quiet eyes, wondering, but untroubled by the sight of a stranger. I thought it odd that so old, so full-grown as she was, she should wear a pinafore over her gown.

Before I had quite made up my mind what to say in reply to her mute inquiry of what I wanted there, a woman's voice called out, "Who is it, Phillis? If it is any one for butter-milk send them round to the back-door."

I thought I could rather speak to the owner of that voice than to the girl before me; so I passed her, and stood at the entrance of a room, hat in hand, for this side-door opened straight into the hall or house-place where the family sate when work was done. There was a brisk little woman of forty or so ironing some huge muslin cravats under the light of a long vine-shaded casement window. She looked at me distrustfully till I began to speak. "My name is Paul Manning," said I; but I saw she did not know the name. "My mother's name was Moneypenny," said I,— "Margaret Moneypenny."

"And she married one John Manning, of Birmingham," said Mrs. Holman, eagerly. "And you'll be her son. Sit down! I am right glad to see you. To think of your being Margaret's son! Why, she was almost a child not so long ago. Well, to be sure, it is five-and-twenty years ago. And what brings you into these parts?"

She sate down herself, as if oppressed by her curiosity as to all the five-and-twenty years that had passed by since she had seen my mother. Her daughter Phillis took up her knitting—a long grey worsted man's stocking, I remember—and knitted away without looking at her work. I felt that the steady gaze of those deep grey eyes was upon me, though once, when I stealthily raised mine to hers, she was examining something on the wall above my head.

When I had answered all my cousin Holman's questions, she heaved a long breath, and said, "To think of Margaret Moneypenny's boy being in our house! I wish the minister was here. Phillis, in what field is thy father to-day?"

"In the five-acre; they are beginning to cut the corn."

"He'll not like being sent for, then, else I should have liked you to have seen the minister. But the five-acre is a good step off. You shall have a glass of wine and a bit of cake before you stir from this house, though. You're bound to go, you say, or else the minister comes in mostly when the men have their four o'clock."

"I must go—I ought to have been off before now."

"Here, then, Phillis, take the keys." She gave her daughter some whispered directions, and Phillis left the room.

"She is my cousin, is she not?" I asked. I knew she was, but somehow I wanted to talk of her, and did not know how to begin.

"Yes—Phillis Holman. She is our only child—now."

Either from that "now," or from a strange momentary wistfulness in her eyes, I knew that there had been more children, who were now dead.

"How old is cousin Phillis?" said I, scarcely venturing on the new name, it seemed too prettily familiar for me to call her by it; but cousin Holman took no notice of it, answering straight to the purpose.

"Seventeen last May-day; but the minister does not like to hear me calling it May-day," said she, checking herself with a little awe. "Phillis was seventeen on the first day of May last," she repeated in an emended edition.

"And I am nineteen in another month," thought I, to myself; I don't know why.

Then Phillis came in, carrying a tray with wine and cake upon it.

"We keep a house-servant," said cousin Holman, "but it is churning day, and she is busy." It was meant as a little proud apology for her daughter's being the handmaiden.

"I like doing it, mother," said Phillis, in her grave, full voice.

I felt as if I were somebody in the Old Testament—who, I could not recollect—being served and waited upon by the daughter of the host. Was I like Abraham's steward, when Rebekah gave him to drink at the well? I thought Isaac had not gone the pleasantest way to work in winning him a wife. But Phillis never thought about such things. She was a stately, gracious young woman, in the dress and with the simplicity of a child.

As I had been taught, I drank to the health of my new-found cousin and her husband; and then I ventured to name my cousin Phillis with a little bow of my head towards her; but I was too awkward to look and see how she took my compliment. "I must go now," said I, rising.

Neither of the women had thought of sharing in the wine; cousin Holman had broken a bit of cake for form's sake.

"I wish the minister had been within," said his wife, rising too.

Secretly I was very glad he was not. I did not take kindly to ministers in those days, and I thought he must be a particular kind of man, by his objecting to the term May-day. But before I went, cousin Holman made me promise that I would come back on the Saturday following and spend Sunday with them; when I should see something of "the minister."

"Come on Friday, if you can," were her last words as she stood at the curate-door, shading her eyes from the sinking sun with her hand.

Inside the house sate cousin Phillis, her golden hair, her dazzling complexion, lighting up the corner of the vine-shadowed room. She had not risen when I bade her good-by; she had looked at me straight as she said her tranquil words of farewell.

I found Mr. Holdsworth down at the line, hard at work superintending. As soon as he had a pause, he said, "Well, Manning, what are the new cousins like? How do preaching and farming seem to get on together? If the minister turns out to be practical as well as reverend, I shall begin to respect him."

But he hardly attended to my answer, he was so much more occupied with directing his work-people. Indeed, my answer did not come very readily; and the most distinct part of it was the mention of the invitation that had been given me.

"Oh, of course you can go—and on Friday, too, if you like; there is no reason why not this week; and you've done a long spell of work this time, old fellow."

I thought that I did not want to go on Friday; but when the day came, I found that I should prefer going to staying away, so I availed myself of Mr. Holdsworth's permission, and went over to Hope Farm some time in the afternoon, a little later than my last visit. I found the "curate" open to admit the soft September air, so tempered by the warmth of the sun, that it was warmer out of doors than in, although the wooden log lay smouldering in front of a heap of hot ashes on the hearth. The vine-leaves over the window had a tinge more yellow, their edges were here and there scorched and browned; there was no ironing about, and cousin Holman sate just outside the house, mending a shirt. Phillis was at her knitting indoors: it seemed as if she had been at it all the week. The many-speckled fowls were pecking about in the farm-yard beyond, and the milk-cans glittered with brightness, hung out to sweeten. The court was so full of flowers that they crept out upon the low-covered wall and horse-mount, and were even to be found self-sown upon the turf that bordered the path to the back of the house. I fancied that my Sunday coat was scented for days afterwards by the bushes of sweetbriar and the fraxinella that perfumed the air. From time to time cousin Holman put her hand into a covered basket at her feet, and threw handfuls of corn down for the pigeons that cooed and fluttered in the air around, in expectation of this treat.

I had a thorough welcome as soon as she saw me. "Now this is

kind—this is right down friendly,” shaking my hand warmly. “Phillis, your cousin Manning is come!”

“Call me Paul, will you?” said I; “they call me so at home, and Manning in the office.”

“Well, Paul, then. Your room is all ready for you, Paul, for, as I said to the minister, ‘I’ll have it ready whether he comes o’ Friday or not.’ And the minister said he must go up to the Ashfield whether you were to come or not; but he would come home betimes to see if you were here. I’ll show you to your room, and you can wash the dust off a bit.”

After I came down, I think she did not quite know what to do with me; or she might think that I was dull; or she might have work to do in which I hindered her; for she called Phillis, and bade her put on her bonnet, and go with me to the Ashfield, and find father. So we set off, I in a little flutter of a desire to make myself agreeable, but wishing that my companion were not quite so tall; for she was above me in height. While I was wondering how to begin our conversation, she took up the words.

“I suppose, cousin Paul, you have to be very busy at your work all day long in general.”

“Yes, we have to be in the office at half-past eight; and we have an hour for dinner, and then we go at it again till eight or nine.”

“Then you have not much time for reading.”

“No,” said I, with a sudden consciousness that I did not make the most of what leisure I had.

“No more have I. Father always gets an hour before going a-field in the mornings, but mother does not like me to get up so early.”

“My mother is always wanting me to get up earlier when I am at home.”

“What time do you get up?”

“Oh!—ah!—sometimes half-past six; not often though;” for I remembered only twice that I had done so during the past summer.

She turned her head and looked at me.

“Father is up at three; and so was mother till she was ill. I should like to be up at four.”

“Your father up at three! Why, what has he to do at that hour?”

“What has he not to do? He has his private exercise in his own room; he always rings the great bell which calls the men to milking; he rouses up Betty, our maid; as often as not he gives the horses their feed before the man is up—for Jem, who takes care of the horses, is an old man; and father is always loth to disturb him; he looks at the calves, and the shoulders, heels, traces, chaff, and corn before the horses go a-field; he has often to whip-cord the plough-whips; he sees the hogs fed; he looks into the swill-tubs, and writes his orders for what is wanted for food for man and beast; yes, and for fuel, too. And then, if he has a bit of time to spare, he comes in and reads with me—but only English; we keep Latin for the evenings, that we may have time to enjoy it; and then he calls in the man to breakfast, and cuts the boys’ bread and cheese; and

sees their wooden bottles filled, and sends them off to their work;—and by this time it is half-past six, and we have our breakfast. There is father," she exclaimed, pointing out to me a man in his shirt-sleeves, taller by the head than the other two with whom he was working. We only saw him through the leaves of the ash-trees growing in the hedge, and I thought I must be confusing the figures, or mistaken: that man still looked like a very powerful labourer, and had none of the precise demureness of appearance which I had always imagined was the characteristic of a minister. It was the Reverend Ebenezer Holman, however. He gave us a nod as we entered the stubble-field; and I think he would have come to meet us but that he was in the middle of giving some directions to his men. I could see that Phillis was built more after his type than her mother's. He, like his daughter, was largely made, and of a fair, ruddy complexion, whereas hers was brilliant and delicate. His hair had been yellow or sandy, but now was grizzled. Yet his grey hairs betokened no failure in strength. I never saw a more powerful man—deep chest, lean flanks, well-planted head. By this time we were nearly up to him; and he interrupted himself and stepped forwards; holding out his hand to me, but addressing Phillis.

"Well, my lass, this is cousin Manning, I suppose. Wait a minute, young man, and I'll put on my coat, and give you a decorous and formal welcome. But—Ned Hall, there ought to be a water-furrow across this land: it's a nasty, stiff, clayey, dauby bit of ground, and thou and I must fall to, come next Monday—I beg your pardon, cousin Manning—and there's old Jem's cottage wants a bit of thatch; you can do that job to-morrow while I am busy." Then, suddenly changing the tone of his deep bass voice to an odd suggestion of chapels and preachers, he added, "Now, I will give out the psalm, 'Come all harmonious tongues,' to be sung to 'Mount Ephraim' tune."

He lifted his spade in his hand, and began to beat time with it; the two labourers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not; and so did Phillis: her rich voice followed her father's as he set the tune; and the men came in with more uncertainty, but still harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice with a little surprise at my silence; but I did not know the words. There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried—a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing; blue distance seen through the ash-trees on the other. Somehow, I think that if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene.

The hymn was ended, and the men had drawn off before I could stir. I saw the minister beginning to put on his coat, and looking at me with friendly inspection in his gaze, before I could rouse myself.

"I dare say you railway gentlemen don't wind up the day with singing a psalm together," said he; "but it is not a bad practice, not a

bad practice. We have had it a bit earlier to-day for hospitality's sake—that's all."

I had nothing particular to say to this, though I was thinking a great deal. From time to time I stole a look at my companion. His coat was black, and so was his waistcoat; neckcloth he had none, his strong full throat being bare above the snow-white shirt. He wore drab-coloured knee-breeches, grey worsted stockings (I thought I knew the maker), and strong-nailed shoes. He carried his hat in his hand, as if he liked to feel the coming breeze lifting his hair. After a while, I saw that the father took hold of the daughter's hand, and so, they holding each other, went along towards home. We had to cross a lane. In it there were two little children, one lying prone on the grass in a passion of crying, the other standing stock still, with its finger in its mouth, the large tears slowly rolling down its cheeks for sympathy. The cause of their distress was evident: there was a broken brown pitcher, and a little pool of spilt milk on the road.

"Hollo! Hollo! What's all this?" said the minister. "Why, what have you been about, Tommy," lifting the little petticoated lad, who was lying sobbing, with one vigorous arm. Tommy looked at him with surprise in his round eyes, but no affright—they were evidently old acquaintances.

"Mammy's jug!" said he, at last, beginning to cry afresh.

"Well! and will crying piece mammy's jug, or pick up spilt milk? How did you manage it, Tommy?"

"He" (jerking his head at the other) "and me was running races.

"Tommy said he could beat me," put in the other.

"Now, I wonder what will make you two silly lads mind, and not run races again with a pitcher of milk between you," said the minister, as if musing. "I might flog you, and so save mammy the trouble; for I dare say she'll do it if I don't." The fresh burst of whimpering from both showed the probability of this. "Or I might take you to the Hope Farm, and give you some more milk; but then you'd be running races again, and my milk would follow that to the ground, and make another white pool. I think the flogging would be best—don't you?"

"We would never run races no more," said the elder of the two.

"Then you'd not be boys; you'd be angels."

"No, we shouldn't."

"Why not?"

They looked into each other's eyes for an answer to this puzzling question. At length, one said, "Angels is dead folk."

"Come; we'll not get too deep into theology. What do you think of my lending you a tin can with a lid to carry the milk home in? That would not break, at any rate; though I would not answer for the milk not spilling if you ran races. That's it!"

He had dropped his daughter's hand, and now held out each of his to the little fellows. Phillis and I followed, and listened to the prattle

which the minister's companions now poured out to him, and which he was evidently enjoying. At a certain point, there was a sudden burst of the tawny, ruddy-evening landscape. The minister turned round and quoted a line or two of Latin.

"It's wonderful," said he, "how exactly Virgil has hit the enduring epithets, nearly two thousand years ago, and in Italy; and yet how it describes to a T what is now lying before us in the parish of Heathbridge, county —, England."

"I dare say it does," said I, all aglow with shame, for I had forgotten the little Latin I ever knew.

The minister shifted his eyes to Phillis's face; it mutely gave him back the sympathetic appreciation that I, in my ignorance, could not bestow.

"Oh! this is worse than the catechism," thought I; "that was only remembering words."

"Phillis, lass, thou must go home with these lads, and tell their mother all about the race and the milk. Mammy must always know the truth," now speaking to the children. "And tell her, too, from me that I have got the best birch rod in the parish; and that if she ever thinks her children want a flogging she must bring them to me, and, if I think they deserve it, I'll give it them better than she can." So Phillis led the children towards the dairy, somewhere in the back yard, and I followed the minister in through the "curate" into the house-place.

"Their mother," said he, "is a bit of a vixen, and apt to punish her children without rhyme or reason. I try to keep the parish rod as well as the parish-bull."

He sat down in the three-cornered chair by the fireside, and looked around the empty room.

"Where's the missus?" said he to himself. But she was there in a minute; it was her regular plan to give him his welcome home—by a look, by a touch, nothing more—as soon as she could after his return, and he had missed her now. Regardless of my presence, he went over the day's doings to her; and then, getting up, he said he must go and make himself "reverend," and that then we would have a cup of tea in the parlour. The parlour was a large room with two casemented windows on the other side of the broad flagged passage leading from the rector-door to the wide staircase, with its shallow, polished oaken steps, on which no carpet was ever laid. The parlour-floor was covered in the middle by a home-made carpeting of needlework and list. One or two quaint family pictures of the Holman family hung round the walls; the fire-grate and irons were much ornamented with brass; and on a table against the wall between the windows, a great beau-pot of flowers was placed upon the folio volumes of Matthew Henry's Bible. It was a compliment to me to use this room, and I tried to be grateful for it; but we never had our meals there after that first day, and I was glad of it; for the large house-place, living-room, dining-room, whichever you might like to call it, was twice as comfortable and cheerful. There was a rug in front of the great

large fire-place, and an oven by the grate, and a crook, with the kettle hanging from it, over the bright wood-fire; everything that ought to be black and polished in that room was black and polished; and the flags, and window-curtains, and such things as were to be white and clean, were just spotless in their purity. Opposite to the fire-place, extending the whole length of the room, was an oaken shovel-board, with the right incline for a skilful player to send the weights into the prescribed space. There were baskets of white work about, and a small shelf of books hung against the wall, books used for reading, and not for propping up a beau-pot of flowers. I took down one or two of those books once when I was left alone in the house-place on the first evening—Virgil, Cæsar, a Greek grammar—oh, dear ah me! and Phillis Holman's name in each of them! I shut them up, and put them back in their places, and walked as far away from the bookshelf as I could. Yes, and I gave my cousin Phillis a wide berth, although she was sitting at her work quietly enough, and her hair was looking more golden, her dark eyelashes longer, her round pillar of a throat whiter than ever. We had done tea, and we had returned into the house-place that the minister might smoke his pipe without fear of contaminating the drab damask window-curtains of the parlour. He had made himself "reverend" by putting on one of the voluminous white muslin neckcloths that I had seen cousin Holman ironing that first visit I had paid to the Hope Farm, and by making one or two other unimportant changes in his dress. He sat looking steadily at me, but whether he saw me or not I cannot tell. At the time I fancied that he did, and was gauging me in some unknown fashion in his secret mind. Every now and then he took his pipe out of his mouth, knocked out the ashes, and asked me some fresh question. As long as these related to my acquirements or my reading, I shuffled uneasily and did not know what to answer. By-and-by he got round to the more practical subject of railroads, and on this I was more at home. I really had taken an interest in my work; nor would Mr. Holdsworth, indeed, have kept me in his employment if I had not given my mind as well as my time to it; and I was, besides, full of the difficulties which beset us just then, owing to our not being able to find a steady bottom on the Heathbride moss, over which we wished to carry our line. In the midst of all my eagerness in speaking about this, I could not help being struck with the extreme pertinence of his questions. I do not mean that he did not show ignorance of many of the details of engineering: that was to have been expected; but on the premises he had got hold of, he thought clearly and reasoned logically. Phillis—so like him as she was both in body and mind—kept stopping at her work and looking at me, trying to fully understand all that I said. I felt she did; and perhaps it made me take more pains in using clear expressions, and arranging my words, than I otherwise should.

"She shall see I know something worth knowing, though it mayn't be her dead-and-gone languages," thought I.

"I see," said the minister, at length. "I understand it all. You've a clear, good head of your own, my lad,—choose how you came by it."

"From my father," said I, proudly. "Have you not heard of his discovery of a new method of shunting? It was in the *Gazette*. It was patented. I thought every one had heard of Manning's patent winch."

"We don't know who invented the alphabet," said he, half smiling, and taking up his pipe.

"No, I dare say not, sir," replied I, half offended; "that's so long ago."

Puff—puff—puff.

"But your father must be a notable man. I heard of him once before; and it is not many a one fifty miles away whose fame reaches Heathbridge."

"My father is a notable man, sir. It is not me that says so; it is Mr. Holdsworth, and—and everybody."

"He is right to stand up for his father," said cousin Holman, as if she were pleading for me.

I chafed inwardly, thinking that my father needed no one to stand up for him. He was man sufficient for himself.

"Yes—he is right," said the minister, placidly. "Right, because it comes from his heart—right, too, as I believe, in point of fact. Else there is many a young cockerel that will stand upon a dunghill and crow about his father, by way of making his own plumage to shine. I should like to know thy father," he went on, turning straight to me, with a kindly, frank look in his eyes.

But I was vexed and would take no notice. Presently, having finished his pipe, he got up and left the room. Phillis put her work hastily down, and went after him. In a minute or two she returned, and sat down again. Not long after, and before I had quite recovered my good temper, he opened the door out of which he had passed, and called to me to come to him. I went across a narrow stone passage into a strange, many-cornered room, not ten feet in area, part study, part counting-house, looking into the farm-yard; with a desk to sit at, a desk to stand at, a spittoon, a set of shelves with old divinity books upon them; another, smaller, filled with books on farriery, farming, manures, and such subjects, with pieces of paper containing memoranda stuck against the whitewashed walls with wafers, nails, pins, anything that came readiest to hand; a box of carpenter's tools on the floor, and some manuscripts in short-hand on the desk.

He turned round half laughing. "That foolish girl of mine thinks I have vexed you"—putting his large, powerful hand on my shoulder. "'Nay,' says I; 'kindly meant is kindly taken'—is it not so?"

"It was not quite, sir," replied I, vanquished by his manner; "but it shall be in future."

"Come, that's right. You and I shall be friends. Indeed, it's not many a one I would bring in here. But I was reading a book this

morning, and I could not make it out; it is a book that was left here by mistake one day; I had subscribed to Brother Robinson's sermons; and I was glad to see this instead of them, for sermons though they be, they're . . . well, never mind! I took 'em both, and made my old coat do a bit longer; but all's fish that comes to my net. I have fewer books than leisure to read them, and I have a prodigious big appetite. Here it is."

It was a volume of stiff mechanics, involving many technical terms, and some rather deep mathematics. These last, which would have puzzled me, seemed easy enough to him; all that he wanted was the explanations of the technical words, which I could easily give.

While he was looking through the book to find the places where he had been puzzled, my wandering eye caught on some of the papers on the wall, and I could not help reading one, which has stuck by me ever since. At first, it seemed a kind of weekly diary; but then I saw that the seven days were portioned out for special prayers and intercessions: Monday for his family, Tuesday for enemies, Wednesday for the Independent churches, Thursday for all other churches, Friday for persons afflicted, Saturday for his own soul, Sunday for all wanderers and sinners, that they might be brought home to the fold.

We were called back into the house-place to have supper. A door opening into the kitchen was opened; and all stood up in both rooms, while the minister, tall, large, one hand resting on the spread table, the other lifted up, said, in the deep voice that would have been loud had it not been so full and rich, but with the peculiar accent or twang that I believe is considered devout by some people, "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, let us do all to the glory of God."

The supper was an immense meat-pie. We of the house-place were helped first; then the minister hit the handle of his buck-horn carving-knife on the table once, and said,—

"Now or never," which meant, did any of us want any more; and when we had all declined, either by silence or by words, he knocked twice with his knife on the table, and Betty came in through the open door, and carried off the great dish to the kitchen, where an old man and a young one, and a help-girl, were awaiting their meal.

"Shut the door, if you will," said the minister to Betty.

"That's in honour of you," said cousin Holman, in a tone of satisfaction, as the door was shut. "When we've no stranger with us, the minister is so fond of keeping the door open, and talking to the men and maids, just as much as to Phillis and me."

"It brings us all together like a household just before we meet as a household in prayer," said he, in explanation. "But to go back to what we were talking about—can you tell me of any simple book on dynamics that I could put in my pocket, and study a little at leisure times in the day?"

"Leisure times, father?" said Phillis, with a nearer approach to a smile than I had yet seen on her face.

"Yes ; leisure times, daughter. There is many an odd minute lost in waiting for other folk ; and now that railroads are coming so near us, it behoves us to know something about them."

I thought of his own description of his "prodigious big appetite" for learning. And he had a good appetite of his own for the more material victual before him. But I saw, or fancied I saw, that he had some rule for himself in the matter both of food and drink.

As soon as supper was done the household assembled for prayer. It was a long impromptu evening prayer ; and it would have seemed desultory enough had I not had a glimpse of the kind of day that preceded it, and so been able to find a clue to the thoughts that preceded the disjointed utterances ; for he kept there, kneeling down in the centre of a circle, his eyes shut, his outstretched hands pressed palm to palm—sometimes with a long pause of silence, as if waiting to see if there was anything else he wished to "lay before the Lord" (to use his own expression)—before he concluded with the blessing. He prayed for the cattle and live creatures, rather to my surprise ; for my attention had begun to wander, till it was recalled by the familiar words.

And here I must not forget to name an odd incident at the conclusion of the prayer, and before we had risen from our knees (indeed before Betty was well awake, for she made a nightly practice of having a sound nap, her weary head lying on her stalwart arms) ; the minister, still kneeling in our midst, but with his eyes wide open, and his arms dropped by his side, spoke to the elder man, who turned round on his knees to attend. "John, didst see that Daisy had her warm mash to-night ; for we must not neglect the means, John—two quarts of gruel, a spoonful of ginger, and a gill of beer—the poor beast needs it, and I fear it slipped out of my mind to tell thee ; and here was I asking a blessing and neglecting the means, which is a mockery," said he, dropping his voice.

Before we went to bed he told me he should see little or nothing more of me during my visit, which was to end on Sunday evening, as he always gave up both Saturday and Sabbath to his work in the ministry. I remembered that the landlord at the inn had told me this on the day when I first inquired about these new relations of mine ; and I did not dislike the opportunity which I saw would be afforded me of becoming more acquainted with cousin Holman and Phillis, though I earnestly hoped that the latter would not attack me on the subject of the dead languages.

I went to bed, and dreamed that I was as tall as cousin Phillis, and had a sudden and miraculous growth of whisker, and a still more miraculous acquaintance with Latin and Greek. Alas ! I wakened up still a short, beardless lad, with "*tempus fugit*" for my sole remembrance of the little Latin I had once learnt. While I was dressing, a bright thought came over me : I could question cousin Phillis, instead of her questioning me, and so manage to keep the choice of the subjects of conversation in my own power.

Early as it was, every one had breakfasted, and my basin of bread and

milk was put on the oven-top to await my coming down. Every one was gone about their work. The first to come into the house-place was Phillis with a basket of eggs. Faithful to my resolution, I asked,—

"What are those?"

She looked at me for a moment, and then said gravely—

"Potatoes!"

"No! they are not," said I. "They are eggs. What do you mean by saying they are potatoes?"

"What do you mean by asking me what they were, when they were plain to be seen?" retorted she.

We were both getting a little angry with each other.

"I don't know. I wanted to begin to talk to you; and I was afraid you would talk to me about books as you did yesterday. I have not read much; and you and the minister have read so much."

"I have not," said she. "But you are our guest; and mother says I must make it pleasant to you. We won't talk of books. What must we talk about?"

"I don't know. How old are you?"

"Seventeen last May. How old are you?"

"I am nineteen. Older than you by nearly two years," said I, drawing myself up to my full height.

"I should not have thought you were above sixteen," she replied, as quietly as if she were not saying the most provoking thing she possibly could. Then came a pause.

"What are you going to do now?" asked I.

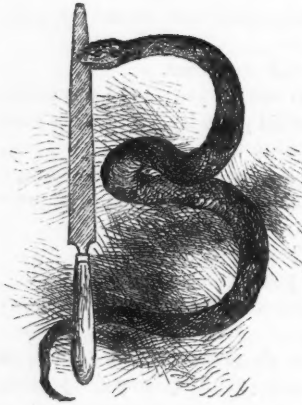
"I should be dusting the bed-chambers; but mother said I had better stay and make it pleasant to you," said she, a little plaintively, as if dusting rooms was far the easiest task.

"Will you take me to see the live-stock? I like animals, though I don't know much about them."

"Oh, do you? I am so glad! I was afraid you would not like animals, as you did not like books."

I wondered why she said this. I think it was because she had begun to fancy all our tastes must be dissimilar. We went together all through the farm-yard; we fed the poultry, she kneeling down with her pinafore full of corn and meal, and tempting the little timid, downy chickens upon it, much to the anxiety of the fussy ruffled hen, their mother. She called to the pigeons, who fluttered down at the sound of her voice. She and I examined the great sleek cart-horses; sympathized in our dislike of pigs; fed the calves; coaxed the sick cow, Daisy; and admired the others out at pasture; and came back tired and hungry and dirty at dinner-time, having quite forgotten that there were such things as dead languages, and consequently capital friends,

"Strange to Say, on Club Paper."



BEFORE the Duke of York's column, and between the Athenæum and United Service Clubs, I have seen more than once, on the esplanade, a preacher holding forth to a little congregation of *badauds* and street-boys, whom he entertains with a discourse on the crimes of a rapacious aristocracy, or warns of the imminent peril of their own souls. Sometimes this orator is made to "move on" by brutal policemen. Sometimes, on a Sunday, he points to a white head or two visible in the windows of the clubs to the right and left of him, and volunteers a statement that those quiet and elderly

Sabbath-breakers will very soon be called from this world to another, where their lot will by no means be so comfortable as that which the reprobates enjoy here, in their arm-chairs by their snug fires.

At the end of last month, had I been a Pall Mall preacher, I would have liked to send a whip round to all the clubs in St. James's, and convoke the few members remaining in London to hear a discourse *sub Dio* on a text from the *Observer* newspaper. I would have taken post under the statue of Fame, say, where she stands distributing wreaths to the three Crimean Guardsmen. (The crossing-sweeper does not obstruct the path, and I suppose is away at his villa on Sundays.) And, when the congregation was pretty quiet, I would have begun :—

In the *Observer* of the 27th September, 1863, in the fifth page and the fourth column, it is thus written :—

"The codicil appended to the will of the late Lord Clyde, executed at Clatham, and bearing the signature of Clyde, F.M., is written, strange to say, on a sheet of paper *bearing the Athenæum Club mark.*"

What the codicil is, my dear brethren, it is not our business to inquire. It conveys a benefaction to a faithful and attached friend of the good field-marshal. The gift may be a lakh of rupees, or it may be a house and its contents—furniture, plate, and wine-cellar. My friends, I know the wine-merchant, and, for the sake of the legatee, hope heartily that the stock is large.

Am I wrong, dear brethren, in supposing that you expect a preacher to say a seasonable word on death here? If you don't, I fear you are but little familiar with the habits of preachers, and are but lax hearers of sermons. We might contrast the vault where the warrior's remains lie shrouded and confined, with that in which his worldly provision of wine is stowed away. Spain and Portugal and France—all the lands which supplied his store—as hardy and obedient subaltern, as resolute captain, as colonel daring but prudent—he has visited the fields of all. In India and China he marches always unconquered; or at the head of his dauntless Highland brigade he treads the Crimean snow; or he rides from conquest to conquest in India once more; succouring his countrymen in the hour of their utmost need; smiting down the scared mutiny, and trampling out the embers of rebellion; at the head of a heroic army, a consummate chief. And now his glorious old sword is sheathed, and his honours are won; and he has bought him a house, and stored it with modest cheer for his friends (the good old man put water in his own wine, and a glass or two sufficed him)—behold the end comes, and his legatee inherits these modest possessions by virtue of a codicil to his lordship's will, written, "*strange to say, upon a sheet of paper bearing the Athenæum Club mark.*"

It is to this part of the text, my brethren, that I propose to address myself particularly, and if the remarks I make are offensive to any of you, you know the doors of our meeting-house are open, and you can walk out when you will. Around us are magnificent halls and palaces frequented by such a multitude of men as not even the Roman Forum assembled together. Yonder are the Martium and the Palladium. Next to the Palladium is the elegant Viatorium, which Barry gracefully stole from Rome. By its side is the massive Reformatorium: and the—the Ultratorium rears its granite columns beyond. Extending down the street palace after palace rises magnificent, and under their lofty roofs warriors and lawyers, merchants and nobles, scholars and seamen, the wealthy, the poor, the busy, the idle assemble. Into the halls built down this little street and its neighbourhood the principal men of all London come to hear or impart the news; and the affairs of the state or of private individuals, the quarrels of empires or of authors, the movements of the court or the splendid vagaries of fashion, the intrigues of statesmen or of persons of another sex yet more wily, the last news of battles in the great occidental continents, nay, the latest betting for the horse-races, or the advent of a dancer at the theatre—all that men do is discussed in these Pall Mall agoræ, where we of London daily assemble.

Now among so many talkers, consider how many false reports must fly about: in such multitudes imagine how many disappointed men there must be; how many chatterboxes; how many feeble and credulous (whereof I mark some specimens in my congregation); how many mean, rancorous, prone to believe ill of their betters, eager to find fault; and then, my brethren, fancy how the words of my text must have been read

and received in Pall Mall ! (I perceive several of the congregation looking most uncomfortable. One old boy with a dyed moustache turns purple in the face, and struts back to the Martium : another, with a shrug of the shoulder and a murmur of "Rubbish," slinks away in the direction of the Togatorium, and the preacher continues.) The will of Field-Marshal Lord Clyde—signed at Chatham, mind, where his lordship died—is written, *strange to say*, on a sheet of paper bearing the Athenæum Club mark !

The inference is obvious. A man cannot get Athenæum paper except at the Athenæum. Such paper is not sold at Chatham, where the last codicil to his lordship's will is dated. And so the painful belief is forced upon us, that a Peer, a Field-Marshal, wealthy, respected, illustrious, could pocket paper at his club, and carry it away with him to the country. One fancies the hall porter conscious of the old lord's iniquity, and holding down his head as the marshal passes the door. What is that roll which his lordship carries ? Is it his marshal's bâton gloriously won ? No ; it is a roll of foolscap conveyed from the club. What has he on his breast, under his great-coat ? Is it his Star of India ? No ; it is a bundle of envelopes, bearing the head of Minerva, some sealing-wax, and a half-score of pens.

Let us imagine how in the hall of one or other of these clubs this strange anecdote will be discussed.

"Notorious screw," says Sneer. "The poor old fellow's avarice has long been known."

"Suppose he wishes to imitate the Duke of Marlborough," says Simper.

"Habit of looting contracted in India, you know ; ain't so easy to get over, you know," says Snigger.

"When officers dined with him in India," remarks Solemn, "it was notorious that the spoons were all of a different pattern."

"Perhaps it isn't true. Suppose he wrote his paper at the club ?" interposes Jones.

"It is dated at Chatham, my good man," says Brown. "A man if he is in London, says he is in London. A man if he is in Rochester, says he is in Rochester. This man happens to forget that he is using the club paper : and he happens to be found out : many men *don't* happen to be found out. I've seen literary fellows at clubs writing their rubbishing articles ; I have no doubt they take away reams of paper. They crib thoughts : why shouldn't they crib stationery ? One of your literary vagabonds who is capable of stabbing a reputation, who is capable of telling any monstrous falsehood to support his party, is surely capable of stealing a ream of paper."

"Well, well, we have all our weaknesses," sighs Robinson. "Seen that article, Thompson, in the *Observer* about Lord Clyde and the club paper ? You'll find it upstairs. In the third column of the fifth page towards the bottom of the page. I suppose he was so poor he couldn't afford to buy a quire of paper. Hadn't fourpence in the world. Oh, no !"

"And they want to get up a testimonial to this man's memory—a statue or something!" cries Jawkins. "A man who wallows in wealth and takes paper away from his club! I don't say he is not brave. Brutal courage most men have. I don't say he was not a good officer: a man with such experience *must* have been a good officer, unless he was born fool. But to think of this man loaded with honours—though of a low origin—so lost to self-respect as actually to take away the Athenæum paper! These parvenus, sir, betray their origin—betray their origin. I said to my wife this very morning, 'Mrs. Jawkins,' I said, 'there is talk of a testimonial to this man. I will not give one shilling. I have no idea of raising statues to fellows who take away club paper. No, by George, I have not. Why, they will be raising statues to men who take club spoons next! Not one penny of *my* money shall they have!'"

And now, if you please, we will tell the real story which has furnished this scandal to a newspaper, this tattle to club gossips and loungers. The field-marshal, wishing to make a further provision for a friend, informed his lawyer what he desired to do. The lawyer, a member of the Athenæum Club, there wrote the draft of such a codicil as he would advise, and sent the paper by the post to Lord Clyde at Chatham. Lord Clyde, finding the paper perfectly satisfactory, signed it and sent it back: and hence we have the story of "the codicil bearing the signature of Clyde, F.M., and written, strange to say, upon paper bearing the Athenæum Club mark."

Here I have been imagining a dialogue between a half-dozen gossips such as congregate round a club fire-place of an afternoon. I wonder how many people besides—whether any chance reader of this very page, has read and believed this story about the good old lord? Have the country papers copied the anecdote, and our "own correspondents" made their remarks on it? If, my good sir, or madam, you have read it and credited it, don't you own to a little feeling of shame and sorrow, now that the trumpery little mystery is cleared? To "the new inhabitant of light," passed away and out of reach of our censure, misrepresentation, scandal, dulness, malice, a silly falsehood matters nothing. Censure and praise are alike to him—"the music warbling to the deafened ear, the incense wasted on the funeral bier," the pompous eulogy pronounced over the gravestone, or the lie that slander spits on it. Faithfully though this brave old chief did his duty, honest and upright though his life was, glorious his renown—you see he could write at Chatham on London paper; you see men can be found to point out how "strange" his behaviour was.

And about ourselves? My good people, do you by chance know any man or woman who has formed unjust conclusions regarding his neighbour? Have you ever found yourself willing, nay, eager to believe evil of some man whom you hate? Whom you hate because he is successful, and you are not: because he is rich, and you are poor: because he dines with great men who don't invite you: because he wears a silk gown, and yours is still stuff: because he has been called in to perform the operation

though you lived close by: because his pictures have been bought, and yours returned home unsold: because he fills his church, and you are preaching to empty pews? If your rival prospers, have you ever felt a twinge of anger? If his wife's carriage passes you and Mrs. Tomkins, who are in a cab, don't you feel that those people are giving themselves absurd airs of importance? If he lives with great people, are you not sure he is a sneak? And if you ever felt envy towards another, and if your heart has ever been black towards your brother, if you have been peevish at his success, pleased to hear his merit depreciated, and eager to believe all that is said in his disfavour—my good sir, as you yourself contritely own that you are unjust, jealous, uncharitable, so you may be sure, some men are uncharitable, jealous, and unjust regarding *you*.

The proofs and manuscript of this little sermon have just come from the printer's, and as I look at the writing, I perceive, not without a smile, that one or two of the pages bear, "strange to say," the mark of a club of which I have the honour to be a member. Those lines quoted in a foregoing page are from some noble verses written by one of Mr. Addison's men, Mr. Tickell, on the death of Cadogan, who was amongst the most prominent "of Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends." If you are acquainted with the history of those times, you have read how Cadogan had his feuds and hatreds too, as Tickell's patron had his, as Cadogan's great chief had his. "The Duke of Marlborough's character has been so variously drawn" (writes a famous contemporary of the duke's), "that it is hard to pronounce on either side without the suspicion of flattery or detraction. I shall say nothing of his military accomplishments, which the opposite reports of his friends and enemies among the soldiers have rendered problematical. Those maligners who deny him personal valour, seem not to consider that this accusation is charged at a venture, since the person of a general is too seldom exposed, and that fear which is said sometimes to have disconcerted him before action might probably be more for his army than himself." If Swift could hint a doubt of Marlborough's courage, what wonder that a nameless scribe of our day should question the honour of Clyde?

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